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Week of Feb. 15, 1948



Anne of Cleves
Posed by Merle Oberon
RKO Star

Enchantresses of the Ages

By Henry Clive
Read John Erskine's Story
On Next Page



Anne's Flattering Portrait by Holbein Aroused the King's Interest—Until He Found the Artist Had Taken Too Many Liberties in Making Her Beautiful.

Anne of Cleves —PICTURE BRIDE

stories, to us mere names, but they were of importance in a strategic or military or political sense. Henry VIII had only a small fleet and a smaller army, and Francis I, King of France, got on his nerves.

French kings, remembering William the Conqueror, were always planning to invade England, and Henry and Francis had a well-grounded quarrel, dating from their meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1502.

They had met to discuss an alliance against the King of Spain, but that monarch had now become the Holy Roman Emperor, and rumor said he was making an alliance with the King of France. Henry felt into a panic. Having buried Jane Seymour, it was obviously his patriotic duty to

Piquet, with 100 as the winning point. Crossing the Channel at last, Anne met Henry. He was so badly disappointed, even shocked, that he almost dropped the welcoming gift he had brought along.

Controlling his feelings, he managed to behave with reasonable courtesy, but the next day he let himself go and expressed the much-quoted opinion that she was no better than a Flemish mare. But he never would have wandered so far from the truth if he hadn't already been making plans for Kathryn Howard.

In order not to offend Anne's relatives, he went through with the marriage, but soon backed out of it, putting himself publicly and irretrievably on record that she was barren and would always remain so.

When she learned his wish to get rid of her, she fainted, but the provisions he made for her future were generous, and she quickly recovered cheerfulness. She was to have an income of 4,000 pounds, and two handsome manors for her residence, at Richmond and Blitchingly. The only favor she insisted on was that she might live in England.

The remainder of her life to some historians is a puzzle, to others not. She was really a charming woman, and the English gentry liked her. It may be that an anonymous English man of distinguished lineage liked her very well indeed.

Shortly after Henry had executed Kathryn Howard, Anne, according to well-established report, bore a child—a boy—just what Henry had his heart set on.

Many of the ladies and gentlemen who attended her suggested a reconciliation with Henry, but she declined to make any such attempt. If he had wished to go after her lover in a fit of characteristic jealousy, he was stopped from any recognition that this male infant existed.

Anne was frequently present at court functions. Her charms increased with time, and she wore beautiful gowns. When she died, she was buried with other fascinating queens of England in Westminster Abbey.

By John Erskine

THE first wife of Henry VIII was Catherine of Aragon. She bore him a daughter, Mary. Since he wanted a son, he divorced Catherine.

Anne Boleyn, his second wife, bore him another daughter, Elizabeth. He felt he was accumulating too many daughters. He cut Anne's head off.

His third wife was Jane Seymour, who almost gave satisfaction. She produced a boy, Edward, but his health was not good. In body and mind he was weak. Jane herself died young, of natural causes.

Henry's fourth wife was Anne of Cleves, whose story, as we are about to tell it, you may not have heard. She gave Henry neither son nor daughter, but otherwise she was miraculously diplomatic.

He divorced her, but she escaped execution, and they remained friends, though he gave offensive publicity to his reason for discarding her; he said she suffered from a disease or deformity which would always prevent her from having a child. The fact was that Kathryn Howard had caught his attention.

Henry VIII's "Blind Date" Turned Out to Be His Luckiest Ex-Wife — She Saved Her Neck, Even Though Her Face Was Nothing to Boast About.

Kathryn became his fifth wife. By temperament she was disposed to produce sons and daughters in quantity, either to Henry or to someone else, but she sometimes forgot which gentleman was her husband.

Henry eventually cut her absent-minded head off.

His sixth wife was Katharine Parr, a lady of much natural shrewdness, sharpened to a fine edge by experience. She was a widow. She advised him lovingly to stay indoors when it rained, or told him when to wear his heavy overcoat. She persuaded him to invite Anne to their wedding. Those two women understood each other.

Anne was the daughter of John, Duke of Cleves, and of Mary, daughter of William, Duke of Juliers. Cleves and Juliers were small terri-

find a girl whose relatives could be of aid in a crisis. His secretary, Thomas Cromwell, advised Anne of Cleves, whom Henry had never seen.

He wasn't the man to buy a pig-in-a-poke. Holbein, the painter, was sent abroad to do Anne's portrait. She was to be a picture bride. The portrait, still extant, shows a woman of charm and dignity, with a thoughtful, deep-planning light in her eyes. Henry said he'd take her.

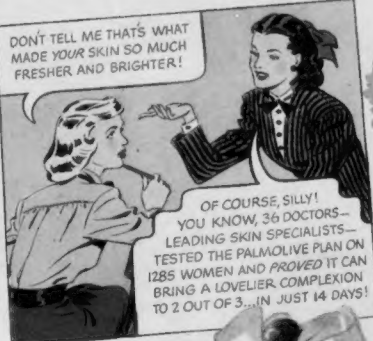
Attended by 200 ladies and gentlemen she started toward Calais where the Earl of Southampton, Henry's representative, met her. For several days the ships were delayed by unfavorable winds.

Anne, making good use of the time, asked Southampton to teach her Henry's favorite card game, Cent, which is said to have resembled

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ



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Fay Dunne Obeyed Her Conscience and Turned Against the Goelet Heir, but Even He Had to Admit Her Motives Were Honorable.

Did Fay Love the \$70,000,000 Goelet Heir Too Much When She Agreed With His Wife That He Wouldn't Work, Drank Steadily, Had Too Many Girl Friends—Including Herself?

him red-handed and as a result of the threatened publicity he collapsed and spent 18 months in a strait-jacket in an Army hospital. He said his family hushed the thing up."

Once, she said, she found Goelet and a beautiful brunette together in her apartment at three o'clock in the morning. She ordered them out and Ogden, she said, got terribly excited, pointing an accusing finger at his pretty partner and shouting:

"Look what you've done to me! You've compromised me and maybe ruined my whole life! I invited you over for just one drink. Now look at the position you've got me into! It's scandalous! Get out of here!"

The brunette, recounted Fay, rose and yawned, then responded:

"Okay, okay. But I'm not going to pay the cab fare out of that \$50 bill you slipped me!"

She told how she had surprised Goelet and the industrialist's daughter together and how Goelet had ordered her to move her things out of the apartment.

"I asked the girl whether she intended remaining there with Ogden," said Fay, "and she replied: 'Sure. And you might as well forget about him from now on because he's all mine.'"

Later, she said, when she came to collect her belongings, she surprised Goelet and the girl again. She berated Goelet, told him to think of his wife and child. The girl, she said, then held her arms while Goelet beat her about the head, threw her out the door and down a flight of stairs.

By affidavit, Goelet charged his wife had been unfaithful with several men. He did not appear in court or attempt to prove his charges.

Justice Samuel Null's decision

A witness for

Mimi

By George Foster

IT WASN'T Fay Dunn's court battle, but she joined it.

Mostly, she says, because she couldn't stand aside and see Ogden Goelet, 40-year-old heir to the \$70,000,000 Goelet fortune, disregard the welfare of his socialite wife, 27-year-old Mimi Nicholas Browne Goelet, and their son, Ogden Jr., five.

Fay, a petite ex-actress, hardly knew Mimi. She'd only met her a few times. But when Mimi's suit for separation came up for trial in New York's Supreme Court recently, Fay was there on Mimi's side.

She didn't want to testify. Goelet was more than just a friend to her. "He even loved him a little, with all he'd done to her. She felt that turning against him in open court constituted a betrayal. Yet, in the last analysis, she was sure it was the thing to do. Her conscience was the dictator.

And out of the welter of bitter court wrangling of which she forced herself to be a part, she—not either of the Goelets—has emerged as the chief loser.

Fay met Goelet when she was cashier in a New York City ballroom, studying acting on the side. She didn't know he was Goelet then. He said he was Robert Gordon.

"He told me he was going through a great emotional upheaval," she said later. "He said he had a bad case

of anxiety. He drank constantly. He told me he wanted to get rid of his wife without paying alimony. I didn't like that. It was wrong."

Lots of things happened then. They weren't very nice things. Fay told about them in court. The climax came when Mimi, accompanied by detectives, raided Fay's apartment while Goelet was there.

Mimi brought suit for divorce, naming Fay correspondent. Then she dropped the suit, changing it to one for separation. Goelet brought counter-charges, asking divorce.

Fay could have remained away from court or appeared for Goelet. She did neither. She became a witness for Mimi. Why?

"I had an abiding conviction he ought to take care of his wife and child," she explained. "I felt sorry for Ogden. I was very fond of him, despite the way he treated me. But I couldn't rid my conscience of the fact that his first duty was to Mimi and the boy. Going over to Mimi's side openly was a tough decision. However, I'm glad I did it, even though it's ruined me."

Mimi told her story to the court. She said that from the time she became Goelet's third wife in 1941 life had been one mad round of trying to control her Lothario husband.

She charged he drank incessantly, refused to work and devoted his time entirely to other women. She named four women in his life—a "Wendy"

in England and a "Simone de La-borde" in France, both of whom he met during his tour abroad in a Red Cross war job; Fay Dunn and a later acquisition, blond daughter of a Bridgeport, Conn., industrialist.

In addition, declared Mimi, she was forced to put up with Goelet's "eccentric inclinations." She charged that her husband entertained numerous ladies in Fay's apartment.

Fay corroborated and enlarged upon Mimi's testimony. She said Goelet had a duplicate key made to her apartment without her knowledge and, when she was absent, made it a headquarters for gay parties. She had the lock changed, but he got another duplicate key.

Once, she said, she came home to find girls and men in the midst of one of those gay parties. She put her foot down. Goelet, she said, then decided "to have that form of entertainment in the home of his father."

Ogden told me Simone de La-borde talked him into getting involved in a scheme to sell \$40,000 worth of Red Cross cigarettes to the French black market," Fay testified. He told me the U. S. Army caught

was rendered quickly. He granted Mimi her separation and \$9,000 a year alimony. He dismissed Goelet's counter-charges and suit for divorce. Mimi got everything she wanted.

Even Goelet didn't fare too badly for a defendant who did not appear in court. The alimony he must pay should not put too big a dent in the Goelet fortune.

But Fay, she says, lost everything. She feels her name is damaged beyond repair. A former husband who had been paying her \$50 a week alimony stopped payments when her name was linked with the case. And she says she suffered a rebuff from Mimi, the wife for whom she told all because she thought it "the right thing to do."

After the trial Fay waited in the court corridor to congratulate Mimi.

"I approached her to wish her well," said Fay. "She turned her back on me."

Fay said Ogden had come to see her after the trial. "He bore no grudge," she said. "He told me: 'I know your motives were honorable.' I guess, if I had to make the choice again, I'd do the same thing."

MUSICAL MIRACLE

By Wesley Hartzell

FRANCIS CRAIG, 47-year-old veteran bandleader, was "cutting his swan song." The scene was the Bullet Records studio in Nashville, Tenn. The time was early summer, 1947.

Craig was going to break up his orchestra, retire to a regular home life and a quiet job with a Nashville radio station. Jim Bulleit, head of the recording company, which had specialized heretofore in hillbilly musical renditions, wanted to record "Red Rose," Craig's theme song, before he quit. It was a tune that would sell among the following that had liked Craig's music.

The strains of "Red Rose" died away. It was done, recorded for posterity. Bulleit said to Craig: "Well, that's one side. What are we going to put on the other?"

Craig scratched his head. "Hah! Rightly thought," he said in his slow southern drawl. "We'll throw something in. Lemme think it over."

Craig thought it over. There was a tune he'd written six months before called "Near You." It was no world-beater, decided Craig, but he liked it. Besides, he had an idea.

"I thought it would be my memorial," he confessed later. "You know, something my children and grandchildren could listen to after I was gone and say to themselves: 'My pappy did that!'"

Craig resurrected the manuscript, got his arranger, Jim Hall, to include a large portion of piano in it (though Craig hadn't played piano in his orchestra for 15 years) and then rehearsed it, with himself at the keys. Just before they returned to the studio to record it, Hall said:

"Francis, I'm worried. That thing is corny as all get-out!"

They recorded it anyway. Craig's orchestra disbanded, he took his quiet job with the radio station and settled down to a regular home life with his wife and two girls in Nashville. He'd never really hit the big time, but he'd done all right, and 47 was no age to keep plugging like a college sophomore.

Not many weeks had passed when the "musical miracle of 1947" began to shape up. In juke boxes, on home phonographs, on radio programs throughout the country Craig's lone disc was becoming increasingly popular with folks of all ages.

It wasn't "Red Rose" that had caught the public's fancy. "Red Rose" hardly ever saw the light of day. It was "Near You," the little melody that was sweeping the nation.

"Near You" is a simple, haunting melody with simple words written by Kermit Goell. The chorus goes in part:

"If my hours could be spent
NEAR YOU,
'T'd be more than content
NEAR YOU;
"Make my life worthwhile, by
telling me that I'll spend
The rest of my days NEAR
YOU."

At first Craig refused to be convinced he had a smash hit. Maybe it was just a flash in the pan. He'd seen other tunes rocket and slump. Then came the clincher.

"I got one of the biggest jolts of my life when Bulleit called me and told me Boston had ordered 40,000 copies of the record," he recalled.

"I knew it was no flash in the pan then."

"Requests to have 'Near You'

"Requests to have 'Near You'

"Requests to have 'Near You'

published in sheet music form flooded in next, along with personal appearance pleas. Something had happened to that tune. To this day I don't know what it was. I know it was nothing I put into it. God must have done it! It was a miracle."

"Near You" went to the top of the Hit Parade and stayed there for months. It has sold nearly 2,000,000 records, and sheet music sales have kept presses working overtime.

There's no exact means of telling how much Craig will make from his "accidental hit," but those familiar with the music game say it will be at least \$100,000.

In addition, on the strength of the song's success, he's made a nationwide stage tour with his reassembled orchestra and recorded four more tunes which will undoubtedly prosper, if for no other reason, be-

cause of the new reputation "Near You" brought him. He might, say the experts, clear \$250,000.

It was especially gratifying to Craig to reach the top—quite unexpectedly—at his age. In his years of band leading he'd had a hand in guiding several present-day stars to their exalted levels—among them Dinah Shore, James Melton and Phil Harris.

"Now don't think I made them famous," he said modestly. "They did it all themselves. They just worked for me."

Ninth child of a Methodist minister, Craig began his musical career at Vanderbilt University, where he

organized a band to help finance his education. Finally he had so many jobs he had to quit his studies. He got a two-week contract to play at Nashville's Hermitage Hotel. He stayed there 23 years, playing out-of-town dates by swinging in his own substitute orchestra.

Then that old 47th year rolled around and Craig longed for peace and quiet.

"I wanted to stay close to my wife and daughters, Celeste, 13, and Donia, 15," he said. "And then I had my chickens. I love to raise 'em."

"Near You" nipped this retirement plan in the bud. "He's in the national spotlight for sure now, and the chickens will have to wait. But he told his wife just before he left on the stage tour:

"I don't know how long I'll be gone. But don't you mind, honey. No matter how long, rather than anything else in all the world I'd rather be near you."

Francis Craig Thought the Old Tune He'd Written Might Be His Swan Song, but "Near You" Turned Into a Smash Hit



With the Whole Country Singing the Song, and More Than 2,000,000 Phonograph Records Sold, the Delighted Composer Still Can't Believe the Accident Which Will Net Him \$100,000.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 5

Cora Potter's Footlight Fever

Cora's Recitation Would Have Been Considered Daring Today. In 1886, It Was Dawnright Shocking. Especially in a Drawing Room Containing the President of the United States and the Official White House Hostess.



By Gene Coughlin

THE sparkling eyes that had entranced a future King of England were faded and the luxuriant titian tresses, once the delight and the envy of two continents, had been supplanted by strands of white when Cora Urquhart Potter spoke her own epitaph.

Her audience was composed of an elderly English gallant who "knew her when," and the old housekeeper who took care of Cora Potter in her last days in the little cottage in France.

The wispy little woman, once the belle of New Orleans, summed up the 78 years of her life with the curtain speech:

"It is said Esau, in the Bible, traded his birthright for a mess of pottage. I traded mine, and my marriage right, for a pot of grease paint. And it turned sour."

Her visitor clucked sympathetically and the old housekeeper fled from the room muttering: "Madame has the fever!"

Cora Urquhart Potter had the "fever"—footlight fever—from the time she was able to talk and do awkward little dance steps.

Under its sway she wrecked her marriage with its attendant social and financial security, scorned the conventions of the 19th century, failed as a mother and, what was more important to her, failed as an actress.

Her life was one prolonged failure because of



Illustrated

by

LARRY BRINKMAN

Heartbreaks of Society

one thing everybody but Cora Potter knew: She couldn't act!

Despite a fortune spent on costumes and coaching and a lifetime spent in rehearsing, she couldn't deliver the simplest lines without proving to the audience that she was on the wrong side of the footlights.

The Civil War, in all probability, influenced her life more than any other event, although she was only four years old in 1861. Her father, Col. David Urquhart, a wealthy planter and banker, decided Louisiana would be no place for Cora during the struggle, and sent her to Paris.

That was when the footlight fever struck. She wheedled governesses and relatives into taking her to the theatre regularly and she returned to New Orleans, a beautiful but gangling girl determined to make her fortune on the stage.

ONE family conference settled that. The Urquhart fortunes, crushed by the war, needed help and couldn't wait for Cora to carve a career on the stage. Her task was to marry, preferably a man with money, even if he did happen to be a "damyankee."

James Brown Potter was made to order. His father was Howard Potter, noted New York banker; most of whose millions had been earmarked for son Jim.

Jim Potter met Cora Urquhart while he was vacationing in New Orleans. They were married in her home town in 1877. The bridegroom was 23 with a "mind of his own," and the bride was 20—with a career of her own secretly mapped out. They must have had a showdown and a violent clash while they were still shaking the rice off their wedding apparel, because the bride did an unusual thing on the honeymoon.

She threw her wedding ring out the train window!

But the couple had regained a semblance of outward happiness by the time they reached New York, where society enthusiastically received Jim Potter's lovely wife.

Cora Potter, however, turned up her nose at the fearsome Four Hundred. The snub made her numerous lifelong enemies, including her new husband's uncle, Bishop Henry Codman Potter.

The Potter family felt much better when, after two years of marriage, Cora became the mother of a girl. Now, they agreed, she would settle down; motherhood would drive thoughts of a stage career out of her mind.

But motherhood merely served to kindle anew the flame of revolution in Cora Potter. The baby,

destined to become the key figure in one of the country's most bitter divorce cases, was duly christened Anne—by everyone but Cora.

Cora called her "Fifi," in honor of an aging actress she had adored in Paris.

Fifi grew up to marry Banker James Stillman, who later charged her with misconduct with a hunting guide—but by the time this happened, Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter had long been exiled from the family as a "remittance woman."

Aided and abetted by Ward McAllister, society czar who changed the roster of the "400" with a stroke of the pen, Cora left the nursery and began reciting verse and one-act plays, with or without provocation.

Tongue in cheek, society urged her on, and one of her performances made history, after a fashion, in Washington, D. C.

William C. Whitney, then Secretary of the Navy, was host that evening at a dinner party. The honored guest was President Grover Cleveland, accompanied by his sister.

After dinner, somebody suggested that Cora Potter recite "something," and Cora did.

She stood up, bowed, and with appropriate gestures, narrated the touching tale of a cockney postler named Joe. Joe, it appeared, had a young and beautiful wife who left his bed and board and spent some years entertaining the young men of English nobility. Her entertaining days ended, Joe took her back.

Even now, the recitation would be considered daring in some quarters. At that time, 1886, it was downright shocking, especially in a drawing room containing the President of the United States and the official White House hostess.

The President's sister died; so did some other ladies, and a few gentlemen who retired to the hall to guffaw.

The incident provoked a Potter family conference in New York. It was decided that Cora take her trip to Europe. It was rumored that Bishop Potter suggested Asia because it was farther.

In any event, Cora went to London with wealthy Mrs. Paron Stevens, but she didn't go into oblivion.

On the contrary, one of the first persons they met was the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and grandfather of the present King.

The Prince had an eye for beauty, and Cora Potter left nothing to be desired in that department. The Prince liked gay companions and parties. So did Cora. They seemed to like everything about each other, including her "recitations."

In London, eyebrows lifted as the association continued. In New York, faces grew longer as Cora's in-laws studied the daily reports.

When Mrs. James Brown Potter made her debut as an out-and-out professional actress, the family faces reddened.

That was in 1887 at Brighton, England, and hardened critics winced as the intrepid Mrs. Potter waded through a drama and turned it, unwittingly, into a farce.

A few days later, the performance was afflicted on a London audience in the Haymarket Theatre.

The Prince of Wales won the respect of the first nighters by "sticking it out" in the royal box.

NEXT day, Cora Potter threw the adverse reviews into the wastebasket and announced plans for a worldwide tour up and exploded: "The tour will start in New York," she announced blithely. "With a grand production of 'Cleopatra!'"

Instead of a family conference, the Potters held a council of war. When Cora arrived in New York, a skirmish line of lawyers met her boat. They put two questions to her:

Did she intend to carry out her "threat" of a world tour?

Cora said she certainly did. Did she intend to use the fine old name of Potter in this distressing fashion?

Mrs. James Brown Potter, who did her best acting offstage, drew herself up and exploded:

"Poot! to the Potters! I made the name of Potter famous. It is on billboards in London, in New York. Within a few weeks it will be on billboards in China, Australia, South Africa and India—all over the world."

"And now you have the nerve to suggest I renounce that name! If I did, which Potter would play the title role in 'Cleopatra!'"

The lawyers didn't have the answer to that one, and retired into another huddle.

Cora opened on Broadway as a titian-haired Cleopatra, but the first night audience didn't gasp at the daring portrayal—it littered and the critics had a field day at her expense.

Mrs. Potter lingered in New York long enough to relinquish custody of daughter Anne, or Fifi,

and embarked on her world tour with the handsome Kylie Bellew, while husband James Brown Potter threatened immediate divorce action.

But the divorce suit was not forthcoming. For years, Potter played the part of the deserted husband while Cora roamed the world.

Finally, in 1899, Potter went to Rhode Island where he obtained a divorce by default.

Cora continued to play in tragedies, dramas and comedies, while the critics lampooned her.

Somewhere in Europe, the tinsel wore thin and so did Cora's finances.

After the first flash of sensational publicity, the name of Potter lost most of its box office value, some years before its owner lost most of her zest for the footlights.

She retired to semi-obscurity on the Isle of Guernsey, emerging only to fire occasional barbs at the Potter family.

She became a "remittance woman" when James Stillman married her daughter Fifi, grown into a beautiful and vivacious debutante. Stillman agreed to give Fifi's mother a monthly allowance provided she continue to reside at least 3,000 miles from New York.

It was also stipulated she keep her name out of the newspapers: a strange stipulation coming from Stillman who, a few years later, was to have his name and that of his wife on the front pages daily as he pressed his scandalous charges.

CORA divided her years between Guernsey and a boarding house in the south of France.

She divided her time between poring over her souvenirs of stage life and watching for the postman with the monthly remittance.

When James Brown Potter, who had remarried six years after divorcing her, died in 1922, Cora paid special attention to the postman's arrival, looking for a letter from the Potter attorneys, but there was none; he failed to mention the bride of his youth in his will.

Cora Urquhart Potter clung to the remnants of a hectic life until 1936, when she broke her promise to son-in-law Stillman by getting her name in the newspapers. But it didn't appear in the theatrical or, the gossip columns.

The obituary notices stated briefly that she had died at the age of 78. Theatrical publications failed to give her the accolade she would have cherished—that of "a grand old trouper."

She had failed completely.

Next week—Design for Tragedy.

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Love's Loans LOST

By Watson Crews, Jr.

"**H**E AND I were closer than man and wife ever were," said the 60-year-old grandmother, referring to her 22-year love for the wealthy baronet. "If I had it to do over, I would act the same way. After all, it kept my family together." "You did your best for our children," agreed her septuagenarian husband, pouring the champagne he had saved for the occasion. "I was going to give him a thrashing—remember?—back there in 1929, but one of his gardeners interfered."

IN 1920, when she was 33, Florence Eliza Helen Clover and her husband, Charles, an insurance executive, and their four small daughters moved into Pentrebychan Hall at Wrexham, Denbigh, England.

Sir Edmund Fleming Bushby, a Liverpool cotton broker and mill-

owner, bought adjoining Bronwylla Hall a few months later.

Florence, who had a little money and a lot of social ambition, soon made a courtesy call on Lady Bushby and was introduced to the baronet, a swashbuckling squire just turned 40.

"We were attracted to each other immediately," she recalled the other day in London during trial of a suit to collect \$50,000 from the \$175,000 Sir Edmund left his widow when he died in 1943. She said she had given him that amount to invest for her.

Florence, the daughter of a prominent Canadian barrister, was married to a man ten years her senior. Sir Edmund's wife was his elder by four years. Both Clover and Lady Bushby learned eventually that their respective mates had a deep attachment for each other, but Clover's unsuccessful effort to thrash his rival and Lady Bushby's destruction of a gift were the only open demonstrations of disapproval that came into the open.

The gift was a paper knife of unusual design. Sir Edmund had admired it in a shop, and when Florence made \$2035 in a cotton deal, she used the odd \$35 to buy it for him. He put it on his desk at home.

"Pretty thing, isn't it?" his wife remarked. "Did it cost much?"

"I didn't buy it, my dear," Sir Edmund replied, rather foolishly. "Mrs. Clover gave it to me."

"Oh, she did, did she?"

Without another word Lady Bushby broke the knife across her knee, tossed the pieces in a wastebasket and stalked out of the room.

The remaining \$2,000, Florence said, was turned over to Sir Edmund to keep for her, together with various other sums she had already advanced.

That practice started, she said, soon after she and Sir Edmund became friendly. He told her her husband was living beyond his means and advised her to give him any securities she had for safe-keeping. She said she immediately entrusted him with several hundred shares of stock she had received from Guglielmo Marconi as a fee for introducing the inventor to some shipping magnates with whom he wanted to deal.

"Wasn't that quite a large fee for such a favor?" the judge asked.

"I don't think so," Florence replied.

Marconi, she said, was an old friend of her family and frequently asked her to come to the Savoy Hotel and dance with him.

"I would go to his suite and find him poring over blueprints," she recalled. "He'd keep it up for hours while I sat there knitting. About midnight he would suddenly remember his invitation and say 'Good Heavens! I asked you here to dance. Let's go to the ballroom.' Down we would go."

Another \$20,000 that she gave Sir Edmund also came from Marconi, Florence said. Her husband was low in funds, Sir Edmund had no ready cash and one of her daughters was ill, so she told the inventor she needed money. The next morning, she said, he handed her an envelope. She hurried to Hyde Park, where she had agreed to meet Sir Edmund, and gave him the envelope. He opened it, counted the money and told her, she said, that it contained \$20,000.

Because of his varied enterprises, Florence testified, Sir Edmund was often short of cash. Once, in 1929, he lost heavily at the races and told her he needed money to settle with his bookmaker. She said she persuaded Sir Ernest Tate, a millionaire sugar dealer, to sell some stock he had bought for her.

In 1930, when her husband went into bankruptcy, Florence said that Sir Edmund agreed to pay her \$2,500 a year as interest on the \$50,000 she had given him.

Nor was that all. When counsel for Lady Bushby prodded her memory, Florence told the court that Sir Edmund was always giving her presents, usually automobiles, horses or greyhounds. He had built a \$40,000 home for her and had given her four Rolls Royces at various times.

Her allowances enabled her to support her daughters and husband in the style to which they were accustomed, Florence said, but Sir Edmund realized that they would stop after his death, so he drew up a will in 1936 bequeathing \$125,000 to his lawyer to pass on to Mrs. Clover. In 1939 he made another will which had no such provision.

Sir Edmund wrote her every day, Florence said, and "sometimes he got

excited and wrote things that he didn't mean."

She was referring to passages such as "I don't want to see you on Friday, nor do I want to go on paying these impossible sums," and "I warned you so often that love could be killed, and it is dead."

At the end of the five-day trial, the presiding justice decided that Florence's story "really would not do" and rejected her claim.

Florence returned to the Elizabethan cottage at Elewbury, Berkshire, where she and her husband have some fowl and an acre of land.

Charles, tall, spare and very spry for his 70 years, had a fire blazing in the living room. There was a cold bird and champagne in the ice-box.

As they sipped and munched, she told him about the trial.

"They charged me \$4,000 for court costs," she said, "but it was a 12 to 1 shot and you know we agreed it would be worth the gamble. It's the children I'm worried about. This is the first time they really knew, but they're old enough to realize it was all for them. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, my dear," said Charles. "A little more champagne?"

Lady Bushby Was Furious—She Broke the Paper Knife Over Her Knee When She Learned Mrs. Clover Had Given It to Her Husband.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

Doomed to Wheelchairs for Life, Paralyzed Veterans Look With New Courage on a Plan to Provide Specially Designed Homes, With Wide Doors and Ramps, for Them.

By Joseph Crotty

FIFTEEN HUNDRED young men believe today that their government at last is going to provide a way for them to leave their own particular No Man's Land.

They are the war's worst casualties, called paraplegics—youths paralyzed from the waist down because of severance of the spinal cord, doomed to wheelchairs for life.

Most of them have been living in Veterans Administration Hospitals. Yet, normal from the waist up, many believe they could be self-sufficient if they could have an especially constructed home of their own.

Now it appears that such homes, equipped to meet their needs, with wide doorways and ramps for wheel chairs, will be brought within their reach. Legislation at an early session of Congress is expected to grant them one-half the cost of a house (no grant to exceed \$10,000) and with their \$360 monthly pension they will be able to

finance the other half.

Some of the young men are married. Others, with sweethearts waiting, want to be married. Many would like to build a dwelling of their own.

Some fortunate ones have been able to achieve it. In New York State, where especial interest to their problem has been given, some have wheeled down hospital ramps for good.

One is a former lieutenant-commander in the Navy, who had been quartered in a naval hospital. His wife and son were in a Washington, D. C., apartment, impossible for him to use in a wheelchair. Through the New York State Housing Commission, he found an apartment in Brooklyn and his wife and child have joined him.

There is the same kind of spirit inside hospital walls particularly typified by a fast-talking young

fellow who used to be in the theatrical booking business. He is Gus Kramer, a favorite of doctors and patients, in Halloran Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y.

President of the Halloran chapter of the Paralyzed Veterans Association, he is engaged to a Brooklyn girl, and he is waiting for a home on the outside so he can get back into the business end of show business.

John Price is a quadriplegic. Quadriplegia is paralysis not only downward from the point where the spinal cord is severed, but additional paralysis of hands and arms. John, while in the Veterans Hospital in the Bronx, N. Y., got out a monthly newspaper, his handicap requiring that an attendant be with him all the time.

Through state assistance, he went to live in a converted squad barracks at deserted Fort Tilden, N. Y., and began an educational course. His barracks leaked; the surroundings were bad; he was rained out. Back in the hospital, he did not give up. An apartment in New York was made available to him, and now he is a student of Columbia University.

It is no wonder that those who have loved them want such men as these back. That is what Mrs. Lucille Moss, wife of a paraplegic quartered in Halloran Hospital, said when legislation for men like her husband first was proposed.

"I know that those of us who loved our husbands when they went off to war," she said, "love them now. We want more than anything in this world to build a home and a future with our husbands and children. We merely ask that you give us a chance to love and live as normally as possible."

sible with a spinal injury.

"Give us our prosthetic (specially designed for the handicapped) homes and we'll keep our marriage, we'll enjoy our children, and we'll build our world!"

That these men, given the opportunity, can successfully re-establish themselves in the society they left to defend, is indicated by the many paraplegics who are prospering in such varied fields as insurance, law, writing, watchmaking and various precision tool work.

Businessmen agree that the patients, given the chance, can become productive citizens. One industrial leader, filled with admiration for the courage and ambition of paraplegics, remarked, "these men live by their minds, not by their legs. Their disability only seems to strengthen the will to succeed. They must be given the chance to work."

Baj. Gen. Paul R. Hawley, former Chief Medical Director of the Veterans Administration's Department of Medicine and Surgery, says the men must learn to adjust their lives to their own disabilities.

"It is a false theory that you can pay a man in money for what he has lost physically," General Hawley said a short time ago.

The hospitals have trained the men to work wonders with their arms and by movement of their bodies above the waist. They are strong and agile and can do much for themselves. Yet they have been told frankly by the Veterans Administration:

"When the spinal cord is completely severed, it will not grow together again and, up to now, no technique has been developed by medical science that will accomplish this and make it heal and function again."

There are several plans for paraplegics' homes, including groups of dwellings near Veterans' Hospitals, where the men might be cared for when necessary.

The proposed legislation will not specify the type or location of the homes. It will grant half the cost of a house to all wheelchair veterans, thus including some disabled men who are not paraplegics.



From a Hospital Ward to a Home of His Own, a Home Particularly Adapted to His Need—It's the Dream of Every Paraplegic Veteran, and There Are 1,500 of Them Now in a Post-War No Man's Land.

In Helping Others, the Movie Star Told Her Mother—"I Have Found the One Thing Hollywood Couldn't Give Me—Happiness."

OLIVE BORDEN'S Last Starring Role

By Alan Williams

WHEN Olive Borden reached the end of her career recently in a plain charity mission in the shabby section of Los Angeles known as "Skid Row," there was scarcely a ripple in Hollywood's busy routine.

Was not her death in such surroundings at the early age of 40 a logical climax to a steady descent from the heights to the depths? Was she not forgotten, unnoticed, a figure of the past without a future, a relic of the film world's transitory fame, an example of its fickle adulation? And who had time to mourn the past? Those who know the story behind the story, however, realize that Olive Borden achieved real success, for the first and only time, in those last few months when the material prosperity by which superficial success is measured had fled her grasp.

They know that all of Hollywood's glittering favors brought her nothing but sorrow; that she found true peace of mind through the simple expedient of unselfish sacrifice for others, her glamorous memories buried beneath a new knowledge which came to her shortly before the end.

The story of Olive Borden starts much like the story of hundreds of other fame-seeking American girls. She came to southern California in 1923 when she was 16 years old.

With her was her mother, Mrs. Sybil Borden. Olive's father had died

when she was a year old. Mother and daughter came from Mt. Washington, Md., where her mother had managed a restaurant. They moved in with Mrs. Borden's sister.

Olive was a pretty girl. She had long, blue-black hair, brown eyes and fair skin. So it was not remarkable at all that one day when she and her aunt were watching a cabaret scene being filmed by Al Christie, pioneer producer, he should spot her and hire her on the spot as an extra.

It was an exciting beginning. She got other extra roles, then bit parts. Hal Roach featured her in a series of comedy shorts; for a while she was a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. She was one of the 12 Wampas Baby Stars of 1925; of those 12, only she and Mary Brian made good.

Then she got a better than bit part in Paul Bern's "Dressmaker From Paris." Five years after her arrival in Hollywood she was signed to a contract by Fox Films. A few weeks later, in the role of a Polynesian girl, she was starred for the first time.

From 1928 to 1931 she got billing over such stars as Marie Dressler, Jack Pickford, Jack Oakie, Neil Hamilton—and George O'Brien.

Suddenly, when she seemed most firmly established, she was through.

She had lived in Beverly Hills amid lush surroundings. She had bought five fur coats in a single year. She had owned three cars. She had been under a five-year contract at \$1,500 a week. She had been in love.

Overnight, almost, everything changed. She was without money, job and sweetheart.

There had been talk of men in Olive's life, but they never got past the rumor stage—that is, all except George O'Brien. There was no doubt about O'Brien, the college athlete turned actor. For three of Olive's four years of stardom she and George were in love. They were seen every where together. It was her sole Hollywood romance.

O'Brien went to Europe on a trip; Olive disapproved. When he returned they were seen less and less, frequently together, then not at all.

She worked for other companies, but her presence diminished in importance. She went to New York to appear in a stage production which never got beyond rehearsals. Her name slipped swiftly out of print.

In 1931 Olive married Theodore Specter, stock broker, in a surprise elopement. Harrison, N. Y. This was another piece of hard luck. Specter, it was revealed, was a bankrupt, and in 1919 and never divorced. Olive got an annulment in 1932.

She married again, this time an electrician for a railroad. For seven years she was a housewife in a three-room apartment on Long Island, N. Y.

There were no children; her father-in-law lived with them. If she yearned for her faded film glory she gave no evidence of it.

In 1941 that marriage broke up. Olive joined the WAAC and was an

Army chauffeur. The war over, she returned to Hollywood unnoticed.

She went from job to job—small jobs, unimportant jobs—but, as she put it, "something always went wrong." In the middle of 1946 she rejoined her mother, the head of the Sunshine Mission for Women and Children in Los Angeles' "Skid Row."

She took over operation of the kitchen. She worked hard. The first Thanksgiving Day she was there she cleaned and dressed a dozen turkeys for the unfortunate, homeless and penniless as herself, who lived at the mission. A year ago she played in a Nativity pageant at the mission.

Strangely, she was happy. The long struggle to maintain at least a semblance of her one-time fame was over. She enjoyed being a nonentity, sharing what little she had with her fellow missionaries.

But before the arrival of another Christmas she became ill. She got worse as winter came. Pneumonia set in. In a few days she died. In her last hours she said nothing of the old days. She seemed content. She told her mother:

"I have found the one thing Hollywood couldn't give me—happiness."

The room in which she died was called "Sun-It." Outside "Skid Row" went its hopeless and noisy way. But there was peace in her room.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE

of the Marrying Judge

By Warren Hall

Few people have tried harder to make matrimony sound and seem attractive than Ralph W. Liddy, Detroit's "Marrying Judge," but the conduct that the judge and his wife accused each other of in a recent divorce suit would hardly inspire any young couple to rush into marriage.

Judge Liddy's main job for many years has been presiding in a Common Pleas courtroom, but his favorite and not un lucrative pastime was knotting nuptial ties.

One attractively decorated room in his \$30,000 house was reserved for such ceremonies, and he had it wired for sound so that the strains of the wedding march and "I Love You Truly" could provide a musical backdrop for his solemn words.

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," the judge would intone, and then it was his custom to give the happy couple a little lecture on the joys of matrimony and the responsibilities of wedded life. Sometimes he would refer to his own marriage as an example of the finest that could be expected of the conjugal state.

Now Judge Liddy admits he made those references with a heavy heart.

"I felt like Pagliacci," he says, "but I believe that every couple entering matrimony should get a start in the right direction. Flowers, nice surroundings and beautiful music are important in setting the proper mood for this holy relationship, and if I could say anything to augment the situation I considered it my duty, regardless of my personal unhappiness."

He is still a firm believer in marriage, he says, even though his union with Mrs. Liddy did not work out successfully.

The judge is 61, two years younger than his wife, Louise. It was he who filed the divorce suit against his better judgment.

"I always recommend," he said, "that a husband permit his wife to file suit if divorce is the only way out, but we had been married 22 years and I couldn't wait forever for Mrs. Liddy to take action."

She had been married twice before, but it was the judge's first experience with the relationship that he recommended so highly to others.

His charges were rather general, but Louise, in a cross bill for separate maintenance, was quite specific, particularly about two women who, she said, played a large part in the judge's life.

One of them was Dicey Jones, a 44-year-old blond beauty parlor operator, who scoffed at any suggestion that her relationship with the judge was improper.

"We were just good friends," she said. "I met him at a party and was never alone with him in my life."

That wasn't the way Mrs. Liddy told it. In 1943, she testified, she saw him enter Dicey's beauty shop 15 different times.

"Once he told me he was going for a walk," she said. "I followed him, and he went to Dicey's. He unlocked the door and walked in. It was dark and the shades were down. He didn't come home until nearly 3 a. m."

"Dicey Had Him So Much Under Her Spell," Mrs. Liddy Complained, "That He Used to Sweep the Sidewalk in Front of Her Shop"

Louise, who seems to have spent a good deal of her time trailing her husband, said she followed him every night for a week and observed him entering Dicey's apartment each evening.

"Dicey had him so much under her spell," she declared, "that he used to sweep the sidewalk in front of her shop. I saw him doing it."

Mrs. Liddy insisted there was something more than family ties in the judge's interest in his 24-year-old, blue-eyed second cousin, Freda Liddy, for whom he had obtained a job as stenographer in Common Pleas Court.

She denied that she had circulated a scandalous story among the judge's friends and colleagues, explaining rather paradoxically:

"I merely said I heard it from the girl's mother and father. Her father, Fred Liddy, came to our house to protest."

The judge testified that his attitude toward Freda was "only the normal interest I would show in any member of my family."

"I always thought she was a fine girl," he said. "I found an opportunity for her to come to work in the court, and since she has been there I have done all I could to assist her in the performance of her duties."

"Do you always take an interest like that in members of your family?" his attorney asked.

Illustrated by FRANCES MASON

"Yes," replied the judge, modestly, "but I don't think it is for me to sit up here and tell of my interest in my family. Someone else should do that."

Nobody volunteered, so matrimony's disillusioned exponent changed the subject to some of the items that kept his home from being one long idyll of conjugal bliss.

The judge said Mrs. Liddy had refused to go with him and his mother to Florida in 1939, although that was the only way of extending his mother's life. He said she had threatened political reprisals if he asked for a divorce. His nightly walks, he declared, were not in search of romance but to escape from unpleasantness at home.

When the trial began, the judge and his wife were far apart on financial matters. Mrs. Liddy wanted \$450 a month for separate maintenance. He offered only \$90 a month for a complete divorce. Although he called his wife's demands "matrimonial blackmail," he capitulated before the hearing was completed.

She got the decree with \$5,000 in cash, \$5,000 in \$150 monthly payments, and the house, even including the loudspeaker, which probably never again will pour out the tender sentiments of "I Love You Truly."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

From real "CENTERPIECE" FRUITS comes Libby's Fruit Cocktail



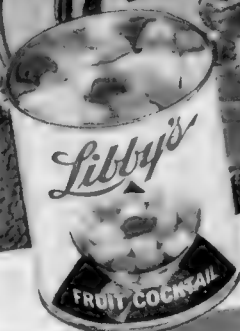
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HERO of the OCEAN DEPTHS

By Jack Stone

THE rescue of the Navy crew barge from 308 feet beneath the surface of the ocean, the fate of William "Bitter" Loughman, caught helpless in the cold, black depths beneath the ocean's whipping surface.

The day was April 17, 1915. The scene was Honolulu harbor where, 21 days before, the submarine E-4 had gone to the bottom with the loss of 21 officers and men. A steel cable had been dragged under the stricken craft.

Now the Navy's top-notch divers, rushed to Hawaii from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, were at tempting to finish the salvage job.

Loughman was the third of the visiting divers to make the perilous descent. He made his way down the steel cable, pitching and sawing in the heavy running surf. At 250 feet he found his air hose and life line fouled by the cable.

The barge gave a sudden lurch. The cable struck and yanked at Loughman, breaking his hip. His fouled lines wound tighter about the steel line. He lost consciousness. He was pitched from the cable and when he came to he was hanging 50 feet above the ocean floor, helpless.

By telephone he asked to be raised up to the point where his lines joined the angling cable. The return word was that this was impossible. "Can you lower me, then?" asked Loughman. "No," he was told. The weather got worse. Minutes passed. Loughman answered his phone from time to time. Then he was silent and the surface crew knew his task was beyond him, and that he was fading.

At this juncture a slight, medium-height diver named Frank W. Crilley walked up to George D. Stilson, in charge of barge operations, and informed him grimly: "George, I'm going down after him!" It was the same Frank Crilley who died recently in Brooklyn Naval Hospital at the age of 64, almost a legendary figure through his daring ocean exploits.

Stilson looked at him carefully. He knew Crilley

**Filled With a Strange Love
for the Undersea World,
Frank W. Crilley Did Much to
Conquer Man's Dread of
That Unknown and Mys-
terious Region**

had come up from a 308-foot descent to the bottom (a record that stood for 25 years) only two hours before that he was tired and barely recovered from his decompression chamber ordeal. He knew also that Loughman was Crilley's buddy, that each had saved the other's life twice before. He said quietly: "Go ahead, Frank."

Crilley clamped on his headpiece and started down the cable. Loughman's lines stayed with the cable for 200 feet, but where the wire began to bend and angle toward the sub the lines left it and hung straight down.

He went to where Loughman's lines met the cable. He grabbed the lines, straddled the bucking steel wire and slid down it, pulling Loughman toward him as he went. He got Loughman to the wire, but at this point he lost his grip.

He asked permission to transfer his own life line to the unconscious diver and manage his own ascent by his hose alone, but the answer came back: "Not by a damn sight! Come up and get a new line and go down again."

Ignoring the danger in sudden ascent, Crilley shot to the surface. He got the new life line and returned to Loughman, fastening it. As the barge crew pulled Loughman up, Crilley moved up the cable ahead of him, loosening the fouled lines.

He had already spent two hours under pressure to effect the daring rescue. When the two divers were pulled aboard the barge Loughman was almost dead and Crilley was in a bad way. Nevertheless, when he, two doctors and Loughman were crowded into the decompression chamber, it was Crilley who worked the air-pressure valve for nine long hours while the spark of life was fanned back into his buddy.

Fourteen years later, in 1929, Crilley got the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest decoration, for that incomparable feat.

In 1925 he assisted in salvage of the sub S-51 off Block Island. In 1927 he received the Navy Cross for locating the sunken sub S-4 off Provincetown, Mass. He was one of those responsible, through his part in perfecting the revolutionary "diving bell" and his work at the scene, for saving 33 out of a crew of 39 men of the sub Squalus when it went down off Portsmouth, N. H., in 1939. He took part in the search for the lost ship Meridia, loaded with jewels, off the Virginia Capes. He assisted in the attempted Lusitania



**One Hundred Feet Below the Surface Sharks Began to Menace Crilley;
One of the Hazards of His Job Were Nosy Man-Eaters**

salvage. He helped raise the sunken presidential yacht Mayflower.

After his retirement from the Navy in 1930 he joined Sir Hubert Wilkins in the latter's exploration of the North Pole in the submarine Nautilus. In the frigid northern waters he made numerous descents, once to repair a propeller.

Once, as he worked on a wreck more than 100 feet down, a giant barracuda, jaws gaping, circled him menacingly, but did not attack. The next day and the next the barracuda returned,

grotesquely curious. Crilley conceived the idea of having native boys in a boat tow a dead horse in a circle on the surface. This free meal distracted the barracuda's attention.

Often Crilley had swarms of huge sharks as his companions during diving operations. But he was never attacked by them.

When Crilley died of high blood pressure last November his fellow divers and the Navy as a whole mourned him. He had done much to pave man's way toward conquest of the subsea.



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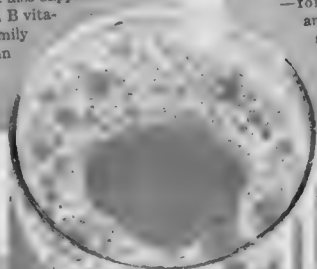
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THE TRAVERS JINX

Racing Fans Are Asking Why the Oldest Turf Classic in the United States Is Also the Hardest on Champions



By Irving Johnson

THEY'VE been running horses at Saratoga since 1863 and the historic old track has been the graveyard of favorites almost ever since.

Of all the races held there, the most ruinous to champions and their prestige has always been the Travers, oldest turf classic in the United States and second oldest in North America.

The first Travers was run in 1864 when the Union Armies were closing in on Petersburg and Atlanta and the most memorable was in 1930 when the 100-to-1 shot, Jim Dandy, galloped away from the mighty Gallant Fox and Whichone.

In 1928, Reigh Count, Kentucky Derby winner and called the second Man o' War, ran last in a field of four.

Last year the jinx was at work again and Phalanx, at the time the acknowledged three-year-old champion, lost by a nose to Young Peter.

Then there was the late rambler Arnold Rothstein's pre-arranged upset in 1921 when his apparently out-

As Sporting Blood Pounded Past to Win, Prudery, the Favorite, Despite the Jockey's Efforts, Seemed to Be Held Back by the Jinx.

classed Sporting Blood won from Harry Payne Whitney's great mare, Prudery, in a two-horse renewal.

Rothstein relaxed at the Spa that night and spoke of a \$450,000 betting coup.

It was perhaps only right that the first winner of the Travers was Kentucky, owned by William R. Travers, for whom the stake was named.

A notable running was the 12th, in 1875, the year of the first Kentucky Derby. Aristedes, the little red horse that won the Derby, was only third in the Travers.

The first of the modern upsets was the winning of Rothstein's horse

in 1921. Sporting Blood's record was good, but he was deemed no match for Prudery, the mare, that had run third in the Kentucky Derby.

Only these two were entered and Rothstein figured his bets were safe when he learned that Prudery was in poor shape for the big race.

But Rothstein was greedy. He wanted higher odds and the only way to get them was to have a third starter. Shortly before noon the miracle happened. Sam Hildreth entered Grey Lag, champion money-winning three-year-old of the year.

Grey Lag figured better than Prudery and the early betting was be-

tween these two. Rothstein's agents spread \$150,000 on Sporting Blood with bookies all over the country.

The handbooks, reasoning his horse was badly outclassed, held the bets. Then, almost at the last minute Hildreth withdrew Grey Lag as mysteriously as he had entered him.

The late scratch only emboldened the supporters of Prudery, who figured Hildreth was afraid his horse couldn't beat the mare. As the race was run, Prudery weakened at the mile and Sporting Blood romped to a two-length victory.

Twice a victim of the Travers hoodoo was William Woodward. Besides the stunning defeat of Gallant Fox in 1930, his favored Aga Khan ran second to Sun Flag in 1924.

In 1926, there was a mild upset. Pompey, winner of the Futurity the year before, was beaten by Mars.

In 1928, John Hertz came east with his three-year-old champion, Reigh Count, and before the colt had won most of the major stakes.

His only defeat that year was in the Travers. First in the deep mud that afternoon was Petee-Wrack, who never won a race as a two-year-old.

The pace was slow and Reigh Count, never far behind, flattened out just when the crowd looked for him to make his bid.

Petee-Wrack won by a length and Victoriano, the Preakness winner, was second. Reigh Count's satisfaction came later when he triumphed in the Lawrence, with Victoriano fourth and Petee-Wrack fifth.

But he had no excuses in the Travers, though Hertz guessed his tail may have been braided too tightly.

The mud was deep again in 1930 when Gallant Fox and Whichone met in the Travers. This was a rubber match between two giants of the turf.

Whichone had outrun his rival in the Futurity the year previous and the Fox had evaded matters in the Belmont while winning the three-year-old triple crown—the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont.

Now it was to be settled in the Travers. At post time, the odds on Gallant Fox were 140-2 as against 8-to-5 for Whichone. A foolish few squandered money on Sun Falcon, at 30-to-1, and Jim Dandy, at 100-to-1.

Whichone and Gallant Fox were running one-two at the half and the pace was suicidal considering the heavy footing. Gallant Fox made his move in the backstretch, but had hardly taken the lead when the despised Jim Dandy splashed alongside and then drew away.

He won in a gallop, six lengths ahead of the used-up Gallant Fox. Whichone, another half dozen lengths behind, eventually broke down.

That was the greatest but not the last of the Travers upsets.

In 1935, Gold Fossil, only a high class plater when he came to Saratoga, led from end to end and in 1943 Eurasian, a sprinter, stayed out in front all the way around.

First home in 1945 was Adonis, son of Reigh Count and winner of a single maiden race as a two-year-old. Adonis paid \$53.50 and the favored Pavot, unbeaten the year before, was fourth.

Phalanx's defeat last year was a masterpiece of generalship by Tommy May, Young Peter's jockey. It was a muddy track again and when Phalanx colored the leader, Colonel O'E, in the stretch, jockey Ruperto Donoso let up and started coasting.

That's when Young Peter slipped past him and though Phalanx came again when roused, it was too late.

The abashed Donoso said afterwards that he thought Young Peter had broken down early in the race.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

Any Man Elected to the Highest Office in the United States Can Expect to Cut Eight Years From His Life Span

By Philip Drew

YOUR son has a chance to grow up to be President, and if he gets the job he will be about 52 years old when he moves into the White House—and a death trap.

There will be glory for your son and his power will be the greatest on earth. But he will have to pay a price—the Presidency will kill him, eight years before his time.

He may become a legend or a forgotten man of history. But years after he is gone, the man who beat the tom-toms for him will be thumping other drums. The candidate he defeated will be among the living. So will the woman who shared his political fortunes and became the First Lady of the Land.

The death of Mrs. Thomas Jex Preston, Jr., last fall has brought this sad subject to the minds of statisticians, who can prove with incontrovertible charts the risks a man runs when he moves into the White House.

Mrs. Preston, the wife of a former Princeton University professor, was, before she married Professor Preston, the widow of President Grover Cleveland.

She was the tall, blue-eyed girl of 22 who married the 49-year-old bachelor President in the White House's Blue Room on the evening of June 2, 1886, with John Philip Sousa's band, in scarlet-and-gold uniforms, playing the wedding march.

She lived to see her distinguished husband's name seldom mentioned outside of history books and there are four widows of former Presidents still alive.

Mrs. Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt, 86, widow of Theodore Roosevelt, is living in Oyster Bay, L. I.; Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, 75, widow of Woodrow Wilson, lives in Washington; Mrs. Grace Goodhue Coolidge, 68, widow of Calvin Coolidge, lives in Northampton, Mass., and Mrs. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, 63, widow of Franklin

Presidents' Wives Outlived PRESIDENTS

Delano Roosevelt, lives in Hyde Park, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Harrison, 89, widow of Benjamin Harrison, died January 5, 1948.

It is unfair to draw a conclusion about the White House as a death trap from half a dozen First Ladies who outlived their husbands, so the life insurance experts base their conclusions on studies that cover many years.

They have found that in the early period of this country's history, Presidents lived longer than those who served between 1850 and 1900. The Presidents who have held office during the present century have fared still worse. Their length of life after inauguration has been, on an average eight years less than their expectation of life at the time they took office.

Only 12 of our 30 dead Presidents outlived their expectation of life at inauguration, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company actuaries point out, and most of the long-lived ones belonged to the time when ours was largely an agricultural country.

Since 1900, the only deceased President to survive his expectation of life at inauguration was William Howard Taft. Herbert Hoover, our only living former executive, has practically reached the mark, and President Truman has many years to go before living the years which the actuaries allot to him.

Presidents nowadays are well into middle life when they take office. The youngest was Theodore Roosevelt, who went to the White House at 42. Five were between 45 and 49; 11 between 50 and 54; nine between 55 and 59, and four between 59 and 64. Only two were over 65.

The oldest, William Henry Harrison, died a month after he became President when he was sixty-eight.

The average age of a man becoming President was a little more than 58 before 1850. In the suc-

ceeding years it has decreased to 52.

It is fortunate for the country that our chief executives are taking office at a somewhat younger age than used to be the case, because our modern Presidents have to face complexities that never bothered their predecessors in the White House.

The insurance experts are always reticent about drawing conclusions. They prefer to present facts. Nevertheless, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's actuaries, who figure every-

body's chances to live, including Presidents, say:

"The physical and mental strains in rendering executive decisions in a highly industrialized nation of 140,000,000 people undoubtedly exceed the burdens that were imposed on a President by an essentially agricultural economy of a few million persons."

Their study of the lives of all the Presidents from Washington to Truman shows how, in this day of faster tempo and broader problems, the Presidents pay a price measured in years.

The insurance experts point out that they can not infer from these figures alone that the Presidency now takes years of life from its incumbents. There are other factors, they say, such as the burdens of the Presidents' public services before taking the highest office in the land.

"It is true," they sum up, "that unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency have fared much better, on the whole, with respect to longevity than have those who were elected to national leadership."

As science advances, years may be added to the lives of future Presidents, as well as to the lives of everybody else, but most of the scientific life-saving up to now has been among infants and children. The fight against many of the diseases of middle age still lies ahead.

Meanwhile, the hazards of the Presidency remain, and statistics show that any man who is elected to that exalted and exhausting job can expect to sacrifice eight years of his life as part of the price for living in the big house on Pennsylvania Avenue.



Culver Service

The Late Mrs. Thomas Preston, Jr., President Grover Cleveland's Widow, Is One of the First Ladies Who Outlived Their Distinguished Husbands by Many Years.

ANNOUNCING GREAT NEW SHAVING CONVENIENCE!

ZIP!

you change blades
QUICK as a wink



Shaving's Newest Sensation...

Gillette Dispenser



Special Introductory Offer

Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor
and Gillette Dispenser With
10 Gillette Blue Blades

REGULAR \$1⁵⁰ VALUE

\$1⁰⁰

The Greatest
Shaving Bargain
Ever Offered!

• See how quick and easy shaving can be. Buy a new Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set. Twist... the razor opens. Zip... there's a new blade. Twist again... you're shaving! Cleaning's easy, too. Just loosen the holder, rinse and shake.

**Handy Container Holds Twenty
Gillette Blue Blades—Forty
Shaving Edges—Ready for Use!**

HERE'S an exciting new shaving advancement... the Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser! This plastic case feeds out 20 Gillette Blue Blades—40 shaving edges—one at a time, unwrapped and ready for use. Blade changing is a cinch. The Dispenser protects blade edges perfectly. They reach you factory-sharp. When the case is empty, discard it. Buy a Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser for the price of the blades alone and enjoy extra shaving convenience. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.



look **SHARP!** feel **SHARP!** be **SHARP!** use **Gillette Blue Blades**
WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

Copyright, 1948, by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

\$1,000,000 is such a worry

**Dollar After Dollar
Showered Upon the Old
Couple, but It Could Not
Buy Them Happiness —
There Was Just One Legal
Battle After Another**

and enjoy their money was denied them by Judge Vincent M. Brennan, in awarding an attorney \$25,000 in a suit against them for \$75,000 in legal fees. At the same time, Judge Brennan said:

The right or wrong of the cases you've been involved in seems of secondary significance. You are old. You have no desire for any but a simple life. You have no children to leave your money to.

"What is the point of spending your remaining days wrangling in court, upsetting yourselves emotionally, over dollars that presumably will be of no real use to you?"

The Sprengers went home and continued to live in the only way they ever knew. Last year they got \$110

Illustrated by
**NORMAN
MINGO**

By Rexford T. Ware

IF YOU found yourself in possession of property worth a million dollars, would you be happy?

Or would you let it make you as anxious, worried and miserable as it has made 83-year-old Michael Sprenger and his 80-year-old sister, Elizabeth, whose real estate holdings in Detroit are now valued at a million? "Go home and stay out of court," a judge told them recently. "Enjoy your money."

But they seem to be so set in their ways that they just can't heed his good advice.

Michael and Elizabeth live in a small, weatherbeaten shack behind a 12-room paintless, crumbling house in Detroit's industrial section.

They and their four brothers and sisters were born in the "big house." Michael and Elizabeth, last of the six children, are all that's left of the Sprenger family. They have never married.

Their present home, an outbuilding of the old residence, is part of an uncultivated 120-acre estate surrounded by factories. Near the shack is a straggling vegetable patch. Chickens and cows roam all over the place. From these meager farming facilities the Sprengers make their living.

It is all they ever wanted. It is all they want now. Once they were happy in their simple existence. But they aren't any more. Their property has increased in value until it is now worth \$1,000,000—but they find it only a burden and a source of tribulation.

Many years ago an uncle of the Sprenger children died and left to Michael and his brother John 97 acres of land on the outskirts of Detroit. Their mother left the children more than 150 acres in the same vicinity. Three other 40-acre plots filtered into their hands through family deaths.

As the years passed Michael and Elizabeth stuck to the old homestead, scraping their livelihood from the ground. One by one the other children died, until there were only Michael, Elizabeth and Leonard left.

With the passage of time a great change was taking place, so slowly they were not aware of it. The metropolis of Detroit was reaching out and embracing new territory for its industrial growth.

In the path lay the Sprengers' land

holdings. Year by year they increased in value, became more and more desirable as factory sites. Michael and Elizabeth were only vaguely conscious of this. They were simple people, clinging to the security of their birthplace.

Encroachment of the outside world first came sharply to the attention of Michael and Elizabeth in 1927. The State of Michigan took a piece of their property for its own use. They hired an attorney to represent them in a condemnation suit. He collected \$25,000 from the state—but the Sprengers said they got none of it.

Disturbed by what was going on around them, Michael and Elizabeth decided to check up on their ownings.

They hired another lawyer to put things in order. They said he collected \$90,424 through rentals, land sales and other deals. His accounting said he spent \$46,787 for expenses and applied \$43,636 toward his fee.

After this experience the Sprengers hired a trust company to steer

them straight. But it was the same old story. They sued the company, charging it had allowed fees to attorneys who did not deserve them.

Then brother Leonard secured control of the property under a trust agreement. Michael and Elizabeth brought court action on this contract. The State Supreme Court overruled a circuit court decision, holding that Leonard and his attorney obtained from these plaintiffs without any consideration whatever property appraised at \$400,000," adding:

"Defendant and his attorney were dealing with two uneducated, inexperienced and ignorant people."

Leonard died in 1940 and Michael and Elizabeth were left alone with their real estate. Like a vicious cycle, the court battles went on. They stuck to the farm, living frugally as always despite the fact that one piece of land alone on which Eastwood Park was built brought them \$15,000 a year.

The advice to go home, stay out

from a land sale to the city. In addition to the \$15,000 a year regular income from the park property, they receive considerable income from rents. That, somehow, seems unimportant to them.

"Point is," said Michael, bent almost double with rheumatism, "I don't like to see people get my money when they don't deserve it. Don't care about the money, really."

He was asked why he didn't adopt a more comfortable life, travel, have servants. He thought about this for a moment.

"Well...I been farming all my life," he said, rubbing the gray stubble on his chin. "You know," he went on, gazing earnestly into the distance, "seems like we never had any trouble at all before that property got valuable."

He shook his head slowly from side to side and sighed deeply.

"We got another case coming up soon. People still trying to steal our money."

MEDICAL HUCKSTERS

By Morris Fishbein, M.D.

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Ass'n,
and William Engle

ALTHOUGH THE OTHER wicked medical fakes, firing hope and darkening it to despair, a pale beside the savagery of the cancer charlatans. They look like men, they speak like men, but in them, prevailing there, resides a quality so malevolent that it sets them apart from others of the human race.

Even in this time of scientific and social progress, they, brazen, dare the daylight. With Stone Age faces, they call. The evolution believe. They say their patients as guiltily as if they knifed them in the heart, and they stay within the letter of the law.

Sometimes they even continue to advocate futile remedies when they, themselves, are slowly dying of the very malady which they tell others they can cure.

It would be hard to believe if the proof were not documentary, but it is. The fakers bank blood money while the country's great hospitals and foundations, with public funds, put \$4,000,000 a year into cancer work; not into cancer cures, merely into unending study of the mysterious wild ones which take one life in eight.

Around today's cancer "brakers" the American Medical Association charges, a former coal miner is boldest, has the largest following and now has engaged the attention of some prominent men. He is Harry M. Hoxsey, who inherited a cancer cure from his father, a dabbler in veterinary medicine, faith healing and "cancer cures," who, himself, died of cancer.

FOR 20 years, Hoxsey has been treating cancer. He is still using it. His big clinic in Dallas, Texas, still draws patients from far away, while the American Medical Association condemns its treatment.

Hoxsey—Cancer Charlatan
The Hoxsey cure, the Medical Association once reported after analyzing a Hoxsey nostrum, "is essentially another one of the old escharotic treatments with arsenic as the chief ingredient." When doctors say "escharotic" in connection with cancer, they mean a scorching, or searing, of the top while roots may run wild.

Apparently Hoxsey has been successful in hoodwinking and deceiving eminent jurists and judges. He has even won their actual support. The Association said recently, "Because of the nature of cancer, it is the most dreaded of all diseases. People with cancer will try any treatment offered. Most of these claim cures and bring support of those who believe they have been cured, when the diagnosis has never been made by scientific methods."

Hoxsey's cure, however, is not a cure. It is a fraud. It is a scam. It is a racket. It is a business. It is a way of making money. It is a way of living. It is a way of life. It is a way of death.

less to so-called personal treatments and do not work across state lines. Unless they sell their products in interstate commerce under labels making curative claims, they are safe from prosecution under the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act. If they are careful about the mails, the Post Office Department can not get them. This is a terrible responsibility to anyone if their patients, taking little after bottle of futile cure, die, the fault of a remedy which medical science might have arrested.

WHEN Hoxsey's father, John C. Hoxsey, who called himself "doctor," died of cancer, Hoxsey, according to the Medical Association, carried on with the cure. Hoxsey's "cure" was formed a common law trust with the title "National Cancer Research Institute and Clinic" and the declaration of trust said that Harry Hoxsey was the "owner and possessor of a secret formula for the compounding of a treatment for cancer." This treatment, the declaration added, was "some thing entirely new in medicine."

In many a dozen cities, at one time or another, Hoxsey has offered a treatment and at his large private institution in Dallas he is offering a treatment now.

The death of cancer charlatans, however, is a handsome, waxy haired, middle-aged jibbered, Norman Baker, once of Muscatine, Iowa, at times



BLOOD MONEY

Illustrated by
WATSON LITTLE

White Science Seeks the Cause and Cure of Cancer,
the Unethical "Cancer Specialist" Still Flourishes.
"Cash in Advance," He Says, Speaking to the
Doomed and Dying.

In the past a vendor of cigars, storage batteries and alarm clocks.

Others have been fantastic. His, among them, is the business head. His "cancer cure" receipts have touched \$75,000 a month.

In him and his methods are the secrets of all the lesser fakes. If you would delude the hopeless, promise anything. If you would bring them to your money in hand, declare that you can prove your cure.

Baker, gaining prestige in the Middle West, issuing a magazine, broadcasting from his own radio station (before the Federal Communications Commission revoked his license), proclaimed: "Cancer is conquered. Five test cases prove it."

The American Medical Association carefully investigated, and reported:

"His five test cases are dead."

Baker was not deterred. He had an "institute." He had a legal right to treat cancer. For months after his five patients were in their graves he continued to announce that he had cured them.

One of his other cases fared better. He was a young Iowa farmer, and Baker assured him quick relief from cancer. He went to the Baker Institute and took the treatment for external cancer—it was essentially only arsenic—and after a while he was not satisfied.

"I'm leaving," he told Norman Baker. "I'm going to the Dermatologic Clinic at the State

University of Iowa."

At the university, specialists diagnosed. The young farmer said he had been treated for cancer.

"You have barber's itch," the specialists said, and cured him.

AFTER the American Medical Association exposed Baker, his receipts dropped from \$75,000 a month to \$7,000. He brought action against the Association and lost ignominiously. The Federal Communications Commission took away his license. He was taking bribes.

House of the mails ended him as cancer faker. He was found guilty, Jan. 23, 1940, of using the mails to defraud. He began serving sentence

In March, 1941, in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, and he was imprisoned there until July, 1944.

In dozens of cities, big and small, impostors have offered their wares. The American Medical Association has compiled full and hideous records of 40, each with his own treatment for cancer, each with his own medicine—mixtures compounded of inert salts and water; useless caustic plaster; sugar-coated pills made of baking soda and red pepper; a salve made of petroleum jelly, boracic acid and bismuth; and even one in human concoction which was 98 per cent kerosene

Everyone should have a family doctor
In your community if you want one and
don't know how to choose one, communicate
with your County Medical Society,
which will provide you with a list of
reputable physicians. The society is a
branch of the American Medical Association.
Morris Fishbein, M.D.

and clay and 2 per cent charcoal.

Mixer's Cancer and Scrofula Syrup is typical of the worst, and the rise and fall of Charles W. Mixer, its maker, is one of cancer "doctors'" most evil histories.

Mixer was not a doctor. He had no medical education. But he was smart enough, when he began to operate out of Hastings, Mich., to take advantage of the difficulty in enforcing postal laws. Under the name "Mrs. Mixer, Hastings, Mich.," he offered a seven-day cancer treatment.

SOLICITING business, he urged people who believed they had cancer to write for a "cure." He represented that a diagnosis could be given on the basis of answers which prospective patients might make to a list of questions.

To those who took the "treatment," he sent the seven-day panacea, and the American Medical Association says that it was reported to consist of ingredients of no earthly use in cancer.

Food and Drug officials brought him to court and he was fined.

That quieted him, but years later he began again. Once more he sold a "cure" and when it was probed, officials met a fearful spectacle.

They found Mixer, an old man, himself dying of cancer. They found him selling his futile concoction to others, and seeking scientific medical attention for himself.

One of his customers was needy, old William Gill, living humbly, raising a few chickens to provide himself with cash. He had cancer, with his chicken money he was buying Mixer "cures."

The money was ill spent. Old Mr. Gill realized it, wrote to Mixer, and this is the reply he got:

"My records show that in August I sent you a jar of Cancer Salve No. 7 1/2 and as I understand it, you say in your letter this does not seem to do you any good. This is a little surprising to me because as a general rule this particular salve is most beneficial under such circumstances."

"Now it is my honest opinion that most thorough use of the Cancer and Scrofula Syrup in your case is all I can do."

Again, a few months later, old Mr. Gill wrote Mixer, replied: He didn't suggest any more cancer syrup. He told the poor and doomed old fellow to gargle with boracic acid.

As it happened, William Gill outlived his fake doctor. He was in his last days in Mercy Hospital, Huntington, Iowa, when on August 19th, 1931, Charles Mixer died.

IN THE same diabolical tradition as Lester Tilton, audacious and crafty, who came out of Clinton, Iowa, to work the absurd magic of the "Tilton Cancer and Blood Poison Treatment" in Chicago.

His was no elaborate

He had no medical training, no pharmaceutical training, but in the name of wealth, in the name of power, he drew up the first of his "cures." He told his client, who until Tilton's claims could be proved, was a student at the University of Iowa, that he was a student at the University of Iowa.

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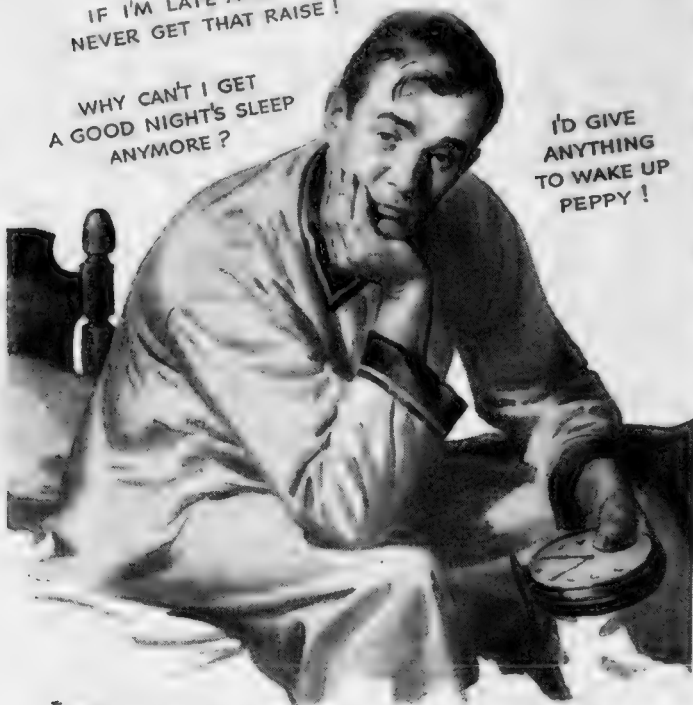
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 21

why be **TIRED** in the morning?

IF I'M LATE AGAIN, I'LL
NEVER GET THAT RAISE!

WHY CAN'T I GET
A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP
ANYMORE?

I'D GIVE
ANYTHING
TO WAKE UP
PEPPY!



Try this - **FOR BETTER SLEEP
AND MORNING ENERGY!**

Life can be pretty tough—if you wake up logy and listless. It's a fight to get going—you're edgy and cross with the wife—cranky with the children. Maybe late to work—is no shape to make the most of your job.

But what a different story if you wake tuned up after a good night's sleep. It's no struggle—your wife and children are fun! And you can tackle your job with the kind of energy that makes it easy. You do more—you get farther—with less effort.

So isn't it worth your while to try one simple thing? You've heard about it—thousands do it—just drink a cup of hot Ovaltine as a regular bedtime habit.

As you probably know, hot Ovaltine at bedtime promotes sleep—the kind of sound, restful sleep that lets you wake up promptly and peppy. And in a safe, natural way—absolutely no drugs.

And don't forget—while you sleep, Ovaltine gives you food, processed for easy digestion—to build up vitality. Plus a bonus of vitamins and minerals—for all-round vigorous health.

So why not start drinking Ovaltine at bedtime—not just once in a while, but every night? See if it doesn't make your mornings more pleasant—days more profitable.



A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP IS THE BEST
MORNING BRACER!



OVALTINE

PLAIN AND SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

Telepathic Pup?

TRIXIE, the hound dog, whined softly and looked anxiously at the meowing bundle of black and white fur her mistress was holding in her lap. Standing close to the woman's knee the dog licked the kitten gently and sniffed its long legs. Only a few hours before, a brick had fallen off the side door stoop onto the four-week-old kitten and paralyzed her hind quarters.

Trixie nudged the little heap of fur with her nose and looked up inquiringly at her mistress. "I'm sorry, Trixie," the woman said.

many liberties with her tiny friend, and every night she had slept with the kitten curled up close to her warm body. Now the dog wandered around forlornly searching for her missing charge poking into corners and under porches.

On the third day, the woman heard a frantic scratching on the back door. She opened it—and in passed Trixie and the black and white kitten.

She picked up the kitten, while Trixie danced ecstatically around her. The cat's legs were no longer para-



Mrs. Gilman Opened the Door, and There Stood Trixie—With the Kitten That Was Supposed to Be Dead.

"but the only way we can help her is not to let her suffer."

She pushed the dog aside and went to an old cereal box in the kitchen table. She soaked a rag with ether, put it in the bottom of the box under the cat's head, and stroked the small body until it relaxed and the eyes closed. Beside the woman the dog waited, her worried eyes mirroring her distress.

The woman took the box to the barn behind the house for the ether to finish the job, and a few hours later she went back to look at it. The kitten lay still and she could feel no heartbeat. Making sure that none of the four dogs on the place was watching, she dug a small hole about six inches deep in the back yard and buried the kitten.

For the next two days, Trixie was inconsolable. The other dogs had tolerated the kitten, but Trixie had been her constant companion and self-appointed guardian.

More than once she had nipped the others when she felt they were taking too

lyzed and, judging by her sprightly antics, was in yowling good health.

The woman—Mrs. Ruth Gilman of South Wingham, Me.—still can't quite believe it happened. "I know the cat was paralyzed," she says, "and I know I bought the ether—an ounce and a half of it—from the drug-store. I know the cat seemed dead and that I buried it. But—" smilingly she points to the kitten, "cured of its injury and bouncing friskily around the yard of her house on Depot Road."

"The ground was dug up all around where I buried it," she says, "and remnants of the box were still there." Nobody knows how the dog knew that the kitten was still alive, or what made her keep on looking for it. But it was lucky for the kitten that she did.

Trixie won't let the kitten out of her sight now. Perhaps the dog knows that her feline friend has only eight more lives to go, and feels that she's using them up too fast for one of her tender age.

History in the Phone Book

IF THE thousands of tourists who visited their nation's capital last year and facetiously kidded the natives with queries about "getting in touch with George Washington" did not do so, they had only themselves to blame. All they had to do was to dial George on the telephone.

As a matter of fact, they could have called at least 10 men who have the name George Washington and live in the District of Columbia.

A lot of tourists actually did call these George Washingtons. Some, seriously, to find if any of them were kin to the original; others simply for a lark, so they could boast to their friends

when they got back home.

It's also possible in Washington—according to the latest telephone directory—to converse with two different Thomas Jeffersons, three John Tylers, four Benjamin Harrisons, seven Andrew Jacksons, two Andrew Johnsons, four Woodrow Wilsons, three William McKinleys, four James Monroes, four James Buchanans, one James Madison, one Ulysses S. Grant, one Zachary Taylor and one Warren G. Harding.

It's odd that there is no Grover Cleveland with a telephone in the nation's capital and most surprising, not a single Abraham Lincoln listed in the directory.



Unquestioned Style Leadership!

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thol, famous Mentholatum ingredients, are gentle to a child's delicate normal skin—but they work fast to help loosen congestion, ease soreness, lessen coughing. Get Mentholatum today!

**ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STIFFNESS,
NASAL IRRITATION AND CHAPPING**

Impolite Pets

TIME was when profane parrots were a drug on the market and pet shop owners would have no traffic in such unrefined birds. But times have changed, according to George Palmer, who runs one of London's busiest markets for domesticated birds and beasts.

"For one reason or another," says Mr. Palmer, "the present-day buyers of parrots want birds with a salty vocabulary."

This interesting turn in



The Parrots With the Saltiest Vocabularies Bring the Highest Prices.

the pet market recently came to light when Mr. Palmer placed an ad in the ultra-conservative London Times for all the "swearing parrots" he could get—and the censor of the Times changed the word "swearing" to "talking."

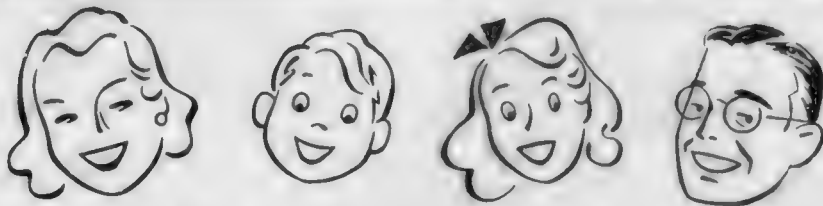
The ad with its revised wording appeared only once because George Palmer has 40 "talking" parrots that he can't sell to anyone. His customers are demanding cussin' birds and they will pay up to one pound (about \$4) per cuss word.

Other London dealers confirmed the increasing demand for parrots with down-to-earth vocabularies. Birds that can swear in cockney are popular, but there's a special demand for parrots who deliver brimstone in a dialect from Yorkshire, Devon, or a braw Scotch accent.

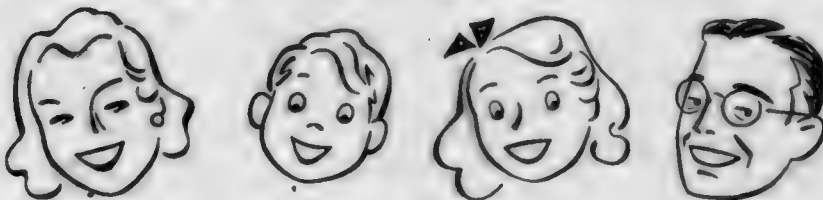
"I've got an impossible order, I dare say," one merchant confided. "A lass down the street will pay plenty for a parrot that swears in Brooklynese. She was in love with a GI from that state—it is a state, isn't it?—and wants the bird as a sentimental reminder."

CONNOISSEURS among swearing parrots, it seems, accord top value neither to the English nor the Flatbush dialect—they'll pay premium prices for parrots of Australian origin. The Aussies, with their unique slang, have turned out the globe's richest cussing. If you accept quotations from the London parrot market.

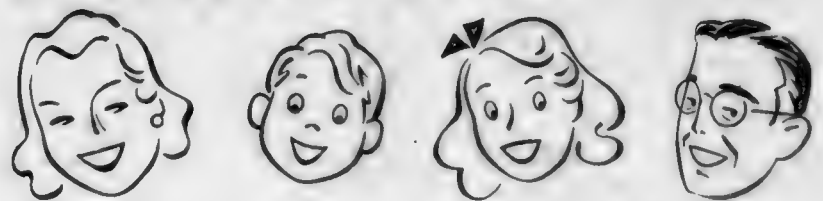
It's possible that a flock of four-language scolds found turning the jungle air blue the other day around Morotai Island, Dutch East Indies, are actually the bird world's most fluent cussers. They had natural aptitude and Malay to start with and picked up Japanese, American and Dutch from successive troops of those armies.



We love the



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with soups 'n salads 'n jams 'n spreads 'n cheese!



... all through the meal!

CASE OF THE



"Something Terrible Has Happened!" She Gaped. "We Were Held Up! Two Men Jumped on the Running Board and Forced Me to Drive Up the Lane!"

By Peter Levins

THE SCENE of the Lilliendahl murder—a secluded, seldom-used byroad, Great Swamp lane, three miles north of the village of Hammononton, N. J.—must have seemed an ideal spot for such a purpose. But the time chosen—high noon—turned out to be a very poor choice.

Indeed, the immediate vicinity of the crime proved not only unlimited in visibility, but also singularly populous.

In the year 1927, the section of the Atsion road into which the lane led was far less traveled than it is today. No dwellings were near by, and a thick growth of scrub pine fringed the highway.

This area of Central Jersey is the heart of the grape country, a typical, easy-going rural community where the residents usually know mostly everything, especially of an out-of-the-ordinary nature, that happens in their neighbors' lives.

The characters in the Great Swamp drama, in the order of their appearance that noon of Sept. 15, were as follows:

J. C. Woolman and his helper, Jim Rutherford. They were driving in a milk truck past the entrance to the lane when they saw

A woman. She was tall, slim and disheveled. Her clothing was torn and mussed. Her jet-black hair was in disarray. As Rutherford remarked, she seemed "either drunk or crazy."

Then they heard her shouting, as she waved her arms, "Stop, stop!"

Woolman halted the truck beside her. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Something terrible has happened!" she gasped. "We were held up! Two men jumped on the running board and forced me to drive up the lane! They robbed us and pulled me out of the car. My husband started to go to my assistance when—oh, it was terrible—terrible!"

"What happened?"
"They shot him!"
With that she seemed to collapse into a fit of hysterical weeping.
"Try to calm down, ma'am," said Woolman. "Where is your husband?"
"In the car—in the front seat! I'm afraid he's dead!"

At this juncture, two more men drove up: Louis Ricci, a garage man at Atsion, and David Amato. Woolman told them to hurry to the nearest phone and call the police. He and Rutherford remained with the woman until the arrival of Sergeant John Orzechowski.

DURING this interval, Woolman's attention settled on a piece of white rag clinging to a bush at the entrance of the lane. It appeared to have been tied there.

"My name is Margaret Lilliendahl," the woman told Orzechowski. "I live in South Vineland. I was out driving with my husband, Dr. William Lilliendahl, when two men stopped us. They jumped on the running board, pointing guns at us. They made me drive up the lane."

She said they ordered her out of the car, then took her rings, necklace and wristwatch. She put up a fight, she said, and Dr. Lilliendahl had started to go to her rescue.

Then she had heard three shots.
"I fainted. When I came to, the men were gone," she concluded.

They pushed through the brush to the car. Seventy-two-year old Dr. Lilliendahl, who was 30 years older than his wife, lay in the front seat with two bullet wounds in his head. One bullet had entered below the right ear and come out the left side of the throat. The other had entered the throat under the chin on the right side and coursed upwards, lodging at the base of the brain.

Death had been immediate.

While awaiting the arrival of other officers, Sergeant Orzechowski cast his sharp eyes over the scene. He could discern no signs of struggle in or about the car. Nor did the soft earth thereabouts reveal any traces of footprints other than those of the widow.

Two items he did discover, however:

1. The victim's gold watch, in his vest pocket.
2. A woman's purse in the rear seat. It was firmly closed.

An hour later, Mrs. Lilliendahl was at the state police barracks at Hammononton, while on Great Swamp lane troopers launched a careful search for further clues.

Meantime, the old village alarm bell tolled its message of disaster to the countryside.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Lilliendahl, it developed, had come of old American stock. As a young man, William had first taken a law course at the University of Pennsylvania, and had been admitted to the bar. But then he had decided to drop the law and become a physician.

After several years as staff doctor for a large mining and smelting works in Mexico, he had returned to the U. S., operated a sanitarium for drug addicts, then opened an office on West 42d st., Manhattan. During this period he met dark-eyed, athletic Margaret Thompson.

BORN in Baltimore, Md., Miss Thompson had attended an exclusive school at near-by Catonsville. After the death of her mother when she was 18, Margaret had matriculated at an academy at Emmetsburg, Md. A year after that she quit school to devote herself to the care of an invalid brother, Robert Hodson Thompson.

In 1913, the brother having died, she was living in Washington Heights, Manhattan.

One night she was seized with a throat ailment. Result—an appeal to the apartment house telephone operator for a doctor, and the arrival of William Lilliendahl.

Further results—she became his secretary, and on Nov. 20, 1915, the doctor's first marriage having ended in a divorce, she became his wife.

Her father remarked at the time, "I'm glad Margaret has someone to take care of her. She's been giving her life for her brother."

Dr. Lilliendahl, at 60, was quite hearty and robust—by no means an invalid. His bride bubbled over with life, becoming a sort of community nurse for the children of Washington Heights.

In 1924, Dr. Lilliendahl got into a bit of trouble with the authorities. He was indicted on a charge

GREAT SWAMP MYSTERY



Illustrated by MATT CLARK

impression that they are not all the same. She is not being detained, but is remaining at headquarters as a sort of voluntary prisoner.

After she had been released on bail as a material witness on Sept. 19, four days after the crime, Mrs. Lillendahl consented to an interview. Reporters observed that she appeared altogether confident and self-contained. Her manner was polished, her speech incisive.

She told of her background, her marriage to the doctor, the happy years they'd spent together. "I feel that the state is doing all in its power to apprehend those guilty, and I am doing all that I can to assist them," she said. "The state police have been perfectly wonderful to me."

Meanwhile, there had been gossip in this rural community.

Investigators had gathered information which indicated that another man had been playing some sort of part in the life of Margaret Lillendahl.

He was a 57-year-old married poultry farmer named Willis Beach.

Reporters visited Beach and queried him about the things they had been hearing. He said he was following the case with a great deal of interest, owing to his friendship with the Lillendahls.

He had often called on them, he said, and had engaged in "hot but friendly" arguments with the doctor. The old fellow, he added, had very definite ideas on certain subjects.

Had he ever taken drives with Mrs. Lillendahl? No.

Had he ever written her letters? Never!

"I first heard about this case on Friday morning," he said, meaning the morning after the crime. "I can account for all the time from last Tuesday."

"I am suffering from heart trouble, and last Tuesday and Wednesday I was quite sick and remained home most of those two days."

"On Thursday morning I drove to Millville. I stayed there a while, went to a store and bought some bread, and on my way back I saw a friend of mine, Bob Woods. I honked my horn and Bob waved to me. I got home about 11 or 11:30, and about 12:45 or 1 o'clock I again left my home."

"I drove over to Hammonton, where I went to the Wilson-Collins Co., monumental stone workers. They are making some markers for my plot at the Oak Grove cemetery. We went over to the cemetery and measured the lot. After that I returned to the Wilson-Collins place, remained until about 4 p. m., then drove home."

HE DENIED that he had ever quarreled with Dr. Lillendahl over his attentions, and denied that the doctor (as was reported) had ordered him off the place.

Asked regarding statements that he had been seated in his car, halted at various roadides near Hammonton, he replied:

"As to the charge of waiting on the side of the road to meet Mrs. Lillendahl, or anyone else—

"Because of my heart trouble, when I drive I often have to stop and wait until my heart calms down a little. I never stopped at the roadside to wait for Mrs. Lillendahl."

In rapid succession, the authorities gathered the following bits of evidence, which seemed to discredit Beach's story:

Mrs. Caroline Tamberlain, postmistress at South Vineland, identified the chicken farmer as the man who deposited letters addressed to one "Peggy Anderson," and she identified Mrs. Lillendahl as the recipient of these letters.

Beach owed \$900 to a local bank, and had promised to have the money "soon."

He had slipped far behind in his payments on his blue sedan. He had promised John Posumato, who sold him the car, that he expected to pay all he owed "within a few days."

Frank Anthony, a neighbor of the Lillendahls, allegedly had overheard the doctor and Beach quarreling about three months previously.

Lillendahl had commonly asserted, "Beach is running around with my wife. I'm afraid of him."

Eighty-year-old Albert Lillendahl told reporters that his father had ordered Beach from the house.

Mrs. Frank Anthony, a next-door neighbor, corroborated this.

Beach was arrested as a material witness on the 24th, nine days after the crime.

Detectives ransacked his house, but found nothing of importance to the case. (His married son, Ray, admitted that the suspect had burned a great many papers several days before.)

The officers found rifles and shotguns, but no .22 that might have been the death weapon.

The authorities released Beach in Salem, N. J., on Sept. 26, the authorities announced that three men driving along the Atlantic coast just before noon on the murder day had seen a blue sedan emerge from Great Swamp lane.

The sedan was driven at a high speed, broke neck speed. These men were William, Dr. A. Trenton, N. J., contractor, his partner, James A. Grant, and their chauffeur, Paul I. Hinkle.

Their story

"We had been down to Cape May city the day of the murder to look after the laying of a road bed for a railroad. It must have been somewhere around noon when we were approaching the lane."

"That blue sedan with the white-haired man in it shot out at high speed. Our chauffeur had to jam on his brakes to avoid the machine."

"The sedan was going so fast we thought for a minute it might flip over, but it righted and shot ahead toward Hammonton, and we went on behind it, in the same direction."

It was further announced that the trio had identified Beach as the driver of this car.

THE following day, Beach drove away in his blue car and disappeared.

His attorney, Edison Hedges, seemed somewhat nonplussed by this development. Hours later, however, Hedges said Beach had grown tired of the "persecution" by the police, and that he would remain out of the state until a court ordered his appearance.

His appearance was ordered forthwith. But he remained at large and undiscovered.

Mrs. Lillendahl reiterated that "all these in situations and gossip are lies."

The investigation in the ensuing days centered on the search for Beach. But he could not be found, much to the annoyance of the New Jersey authorities.

On Sept. 29, Attorney Hedges was indicted on the charge of abetting the flight.

A week later, Beach suddenly returned. The lawyer was exonerated.

It came out later that Beach had passed his days and nights in the attic of a house in Linwood Heights, near Chester, Pa.

The next day Beach and the widow were indicted for murder, and two months later they went on trial before Justice Luther A. Campbell and a jury of five men and seven women in the Atlantic County Court at Mays Landing.

Assistant District Attorney Hinkle headed the prosecution forces, while the defense—financed by a wealthy relative of Mrs. Lillendahl, had on its side the \$1,000-a-day services of Robert H. McCarter, among others.

Hinkle, in outlining the state's case, charged that the defendants had plotted to get rid of Dr. Lillendahl and share in his estate. (The doctor had made a will two months before his death, leaving everything to Mrs. Lillendahl.)

He charged that she drove her husband to Great Swamp lane, marked by Beach with a piece of white cloth for her guidance, in full knowledge of the fate that awaited him.

The prosecutor called witnesses in an effort to prove that Beach and Mrs. Lillendahl were infatuated with each other, and to dispute various assertions made in their stories.

FOR example, Mrs. Lillendahl had insisted that the doctor had \$200 on his person, whereas a teller said he had drawn only \$25 from the bank that fatal morning.

Hinkle was not so successful in getting his witnesses to identify Beach positively as the man seen coming out of Great Swamp lane.

Neither could the defense do so well.

That clandestine correspondence, for instance. Neither defendant could satisfactorily explain why they carried on their secret exchange of letters.

During long hours of deliberation, the jury could not agree that the state had proved, beyond a reasonable doubt, that this had been a premeditated murder. Accordingly they returned a verdict of voluntary manslaughter, the accepted definition of which is:

"A homicide intentionally committed under the influence of passion suddenly arising from an adequate cause, but neither justified nor excused by law."

Margaret Lillendahl collapsed into a fit of weeping when she heard the verdict on Dec. 8. As she was led from the court, she was heard to wail, "Oh, God, I don't want to go to jail!"

Two days later, Justice Campbell pronounced the maximum sentence of 10 years at hard labor on both Mrs. Lillendahl and Beach.

Beach died at the Bordentown prison farm of a heart attack on Oct. 12, 1930.

Mrs. Lillendahl was paroled on June 29, 1934. In recent years she has been employed as housekeeper for a wealthy resident of Connecticut.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

of violating the federal anti-narcotics law. He had then abandoned his New York activities and moved to Mountain Lakes, N. J. It was explained that the condition of his health necessitated lots of fresh air.

In 1925, he had been arrested at his home and arraigned in Newark on the charge that he had failed to report 113,000 grains of drugs. This charge was dropped when it was learned that another charge was pending against him in New York.

However, things righted themselves. The New York indictment was quashed, and the Lillendahls, with a small son, Albert, removed to South Vineland, where there was also an abundance of fresh air.

By now the doctor was a tired old man. His wife retained her youthful vitality.

History appeared to have repeated itself. She was again devoting her life to an invalid.

AT THE Hammonton barracks, where she remained at her own suggestion, Mrs. Lillendahl went over her story again and again with County Detective Frank Harrold and Assistant District Attorney A. Cameron Hinkle.

Early that evening, the purse which Sergeant Orzechowski had found was opened, and several articles fell out: five five-dollar bills and some road maps.

The maps embraced the Hammonton-South Vineland region.

Certain routes had been marked with a pencil. In the morning, searchers at the scene of the crime, including scores of high school students and Boy Scouts, made several discoveries which also proved of considerable interest.

For one thing, the tire marks of a second car were discerned in Great Swamp lane. Also found, within a few steps of the car, were one of Mrs. Lillendahl's rings and her wristwatch.

Though a large area was combed, and though Great Swamp creek was dredged, no pistol came to light. Apparently it had been removed and disposed of elsewhere.

"Mrs. Lillendahl has told three stories of the crime," Detective Harrold told reporters, now beginning to arrive from New York, Newark and Philadelphia in steadily increasing numbers.

"They do not vary so much but they leave the

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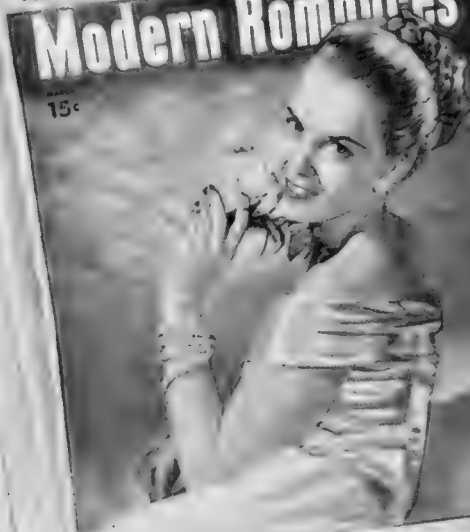


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 Miserable with coughs from colds or smoking... stuffy nose? Here's relief—fast... up and down! Famous Smith Brothers medication goes down to ease tickle, soothe irritated membranes. Menthol vapors go up to bring cool comfort. Smith Brothers are richer than menthol—plus exclusives Smith Brothers' Mentation. Look for "Trade" and "Mark" anywhere box.

STILL ONLY 5¢

First Step Shoes

WEE WALKER
SMOOTH TONGUE shoes

Write for free pamphlet with size scale, Dept. AW
Moran Shoe Co., Carlyle, Ill.



Save Fingers

with
Steel-Grip Finger Guards

Hundreds of factories are saving time and protecting workers with Steel-Grip Finger Guards. And for handling rough material, this article, lifting dangerous material, striking, pinch press work, many other jobs, Steel-Grip Finger Guards are the answer. They are of thumb, from a back finger, for lever, cool, comfortable to hit, heavy on and off, easy to use, men or women, and each for samples or trial order box of 50 at \$4.25 less 10%.

Catalog of Steel-Grip
Appear free on request

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804 South Broadway, Danvers, Mass.
(In Canada, Safety Supply Co., Toronto)

STEEL GRIP

California Sales 1930

STOP WORRYING
about Your Skin!



Let CUTICURA Bring Back Smoothness

Are blackheads and externally caused blemishes marring a naturally smooth skin? Cuticura Soap and Ointment often bring amazing results! For FREE Ointment sample write Cuticura, Dept. A-204, Malden 48, Mass.

"Let's take a walk," he says.

Under the hypnotic lure of a tropic moon, mild-mannered, easy-going Jepson met and married olive-skinned Nora Aronne. He was handsome, blond and American, employed as a civilian office manager with the Air Forces in Panama. She was pretty, Costa Rican, and—though Jepson didn't find out till later—carried a temper with a built-in atom bomb.

was when her deathbed in Hackney, N. J., Nora picked fights with him right in front of the family. She demanded that he leave his mother and take her. Nora went to night spots.

(5) Back in Panama, Bill lost weight, had severe nervous headaches. Faced with eviction due to Nora's tempestuous trouble-making, he begged her to mend her ways. Her answer was to drive him from the house with a bread knife.

These outbursts Bill met with the proverbial patience



**The Mild-Mannered American Charged That His Wife
Once Drove Him From Their Apartment With
a Bread Knife.**

tial blessings the hapless Jepson said were showered upon him by his Latin lover during the next couple of years.

(2) Nora frequently drove him from their Panama City apartment, flinging dishes with furious accuracy, and following up with sizzling epithets in Spanish, a language Bill barely understood. So that he couldn't fail to get the point, she translated into English as she went. When she ran out of insults, she threatened to kill him.

(13) She often phoned him at his office that "something awful" had happened at home. Fearing for the baby, Bill would leave his desk and race home, only to discover she wanted help in one of the fights she habitually picked with the neighbors.

"I **Was a D**
"IMAGINE a wild, convulsing twitching in every nerve in your body. A craving that would drive you to tear out your hair... cut the veins of your wrists..."

That, in her own words, is what drug addiction did to pretty Beverly Shaw, former Miss America contestant and vaudeville star. Five times she was put in jail because of drugs. Her marriage was wrecked. For 10 years, she was classified as "hopeless."

But when all hope seemed lost, Beverly Shaw found that faith in God was a powerful weapon that could conquer her terrible problem, and today she is working with other addicts to show them how they, too,

of Job. While waiting for Nora to cool off, he would repair to his garden downstairs. Friends commented unsmiling—that the garden was so lovely because Bill's wife chased him out of the house so often.

In the end, it was Nora who threw in the towel with one hand. With the other, she packed all their expensive Peruvian silver, plus the jewelry Bill had bought to keep her happy. Then she took all their money—\$900 in travelers' checks—and ran off to her mother in Costa Rica.

All this came to light recently, when Jepson brought suit for divorce in Miami Beach, Fla., where he now lives. In recommending that the separation become legal, Referee Joseph A. Wanick sounded a warning with which Jepson—at long last—must have agreed.

"Being a husband is never easy at best," opined Wanic. "And at worst, it can be a fate worse than death."

"IMAGINE a wild, convulsing twitching in every nerve in your body. A craving that would drive you to tear out your hair... cut the veins of your wrists..."

IF YOUR "under-five" child has fanciful playmates, or

IF YOUR "under-five" child has fanciful playmates, or holds imaginary tea parties in the corner, it's nothing to be alarmed about. It's normal for a healthy little boy or girl to have a vivid imagination, and it should be encouraged—not blasted with curt reprimands.

A wise parent, says Dr. Donald A. Laird, will wean a youngster gradually from this intelligence-stimulating dream world. If you have a child who goes around slaying invisible dragons, you'll want to read "Golden Age of Make Believe" next week.

TWO SECONDS

Within two seconds,
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sail, can actually
triple its speed!



Test shows how fast
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in your stomach!

And as this glass-
of-water test proves, within
two seconds after you
take Bayer Aspirin, it's ready
to go to work, to bring

FAST PAIN RELIEF

 Your doctor can tell you there's no need to suffer the painful discomfort of a cold. For sore throat due to a cold, gargle with three Bayer Aspirin dissolved in one-third of a glass of water. And to ease painful cold symptoms, take two Bayer Aspirin with a full glass of water.

Bayer Aspirin gives quick relief because it's ready to go to work within two seconds. This is the result of three important steps taken

For sore throat due to a cold, use genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

WHY CATHOLICS "Keep Running to Church"

You've probably heard people comment at times on the fact that their Catholic neighbors go to church so often. Perhaps you've wondered yourself... is all this necessary?

Catholics, you may be sure, have good reasons

Going to Mass on Sunday is, of course, an obligation for every Catholic. Confession and Holy Communion at least once a year are a sacred duty. But most Catholics go to Confession and receive Holy Communion oftener... some every month, some every week, some every day.

There are also many other special services and devotions for which Catholics go to church. In the average city, the Catholic Church is always open—and seldom empty. Many will enter the church at any hour of the day to visit Jesus Christ present on the altar, mindful of His invitation "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest."

But, you ask, is all this necessary? Catholics believe it is.

They believe that Christ not only called upon us to honor and serve God... but prescribed the ways in which we should do so. He did not say how often we must go to church... nor how many prayers we were to recite. But He did establish a Church with the power and authority to carry on His work... and He promised that His Church would

last to the end of time—that it would have God's protection in teaching all men to observe all things He had commanded, especially to believe and to be baptized and thereby become members of His Church to attain the purpose of their lives.

And how do Catholics know theirs is Christ's Church?

Because it possesses the distinguishing marks Christ gave His Church. It covers the earth as Christ said it would. Unchanged after nearly 2,000 years, it continues to live and grow, in fulfillment of His promise that His Church would last to the end of the world.

But the most convincing mark that He gave it, is its unity of faith, worship and obedience under the authority of the lawful and historical successor of Peter, the first Bishop of Rome and the "rock" upon which Christ built His Church. Just as Peter was the first Pope and the first Vicar of Christ, so also is Pius XII the 262nd Pope and the Vicar of Christ today.

If you would like to know more about the distinguishing characteristics which Christ declared His Church must have and which the Catholic Church possesses today, we'll be happy to send you without cost or obligation an interesting and enlightening pamphlet. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. 2-N.

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Has been used by smart women all over the world for nearly 40 years to help make their skin more radiant, more attractive. Mercolized Wax Cream has a lovely, penetrating action which will surely make your skin Vaseline who says the best should always have Mercolized Wax Cream and use it when necessary. Use only on direct.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.



YOU CAN HELP

Every parent can, and must, help in this alarming crisis. **First:** Check on educational conditions in your local schools. **Second:** Back up and work with organizations seeking to improve teachers' working and living conditions. **Third:** Get to know your children's teachers. Show them they have your understanding, friendliness and support.

The World's Tallest Man

GIANTS got scant sympathy in days of old when adventurous knights smote the big fellows hip and thigh to rescue beautiful maidens from the ogres' dungeons.

Today it's still a little man's world. Just look at the hardships of Vaino Myllyrinne, a luckless Finn who happens to be the tallest man on earth.

Vaino stands 9 feet 1 inch, on a clear day, with his shoes off. And they're off a lot of the time in sun-



It Takes a Grade A Picture to Get Finland's Self-Conscious Giant Into a Movie Theatre.

mer because he has to pay \$100 per pair. Also because of the mail order struggle he must undertake in order to convince railroad officials in distant Helsinki that he does need the hide of nearly half a cow for a pair of high boots.

He weighs 391 pounds and the floors of most buildings in his native Jyväskylä sag as he enters. Bus drivers scowl; they're afraid the seats will crack under him, or that he'll raise his head suddenly and punch a hole in the roof. He rides hunched over in a couple of seats, both of which he's charged for.

His shoulders tower above the heads of puny six-footers and when he goes to the movies angry citizens complain that instead of viewing screen heart-throbs, all they can see is Vaino's alpine bulk, which they can glimpse outside any day for nothing.

This sort of thing keeps Vaino's vanity shorn. Only Grade A films tempt him to face public criticism.

VAINO lives in no castle; he's fortunate to have a farm home with his parents and other kin. His mother knits his huge socks of home-raised wool. She also makes his suits, which take seven yards of material.

Finland's giant is 38 and single. Because of his size he's shy about girls, though quite a few of them have gazed up admiringly at him on clear days, of course. His shyness is deplored by his elder brother, sister-in-law, nephews and nieces, who also share the ancestral home.

They alone crowd the place, and when Uncle Vaino comes in, the house bulges at the seams. They'd like to see him in a giant's house of his own.



Could people be whispering behind your back?

Lifbuoy Health Soap is the only soap especially made

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CONTAINS AN EXCLUSIVE PURIFYING INGREDIENT.

A daily Lifbuoy bath gives you lasting all-over protection!

Use Lifbuoy for a week and you'll use it for life!

The refreshing bath that gives lasting protection!

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The Soap of Considerate People (Use it daily)

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FALSE TEETH WEARERS

famous for their looks

Hollywood Actors and Actresses say:

"New COLEO CLEANS FALSE TEETH CLEANER!"



8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser! And scores of actors and actresses tried it! Coleo, made by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, was tested in Hollywood because perfect teeth are a "must" before the camera! Coleo fizzes away mucin (film), removable stains, and food particles in minutes! No brushing! False teeth are clean! Sparkling! And dentures cleaned with Coleo have a pleasant fresh taste! Clean your false teeth, with Coleo—today!

Watch film and stains FIZZ AWAY—no brushing



NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

Johnson's BACK PLASTER
FEELS GOOD ON THE BACK



Ways With Cheese



**BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR**
...AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER

February 15, 1918 THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 31

A black and white photograph of a bottle of Conté Champagne and its box. The bottle is on the left, with a label that features the 'Conté' logo. The box is on the right, also featuring the 'Conté' logo and the word 'CHAMPAGNE'. The bottle has a dark foil or wax seal over the cork.

And Conti Shampoo is made *only* with 100% pure castile and pure olive oil. So, why trust your hair to any other shampoo—particularly when Conti is so down-right economical. Buy a bottle of Conti Castile Shampoo at any drug, department or variety store—today!

Conti never dries out the hair or scalp

Conti CASTILE SHAMPOO

Your food dealer features the makings NOW!



NABISCO 100% BRAN BANANA MUFFINS

½ tsp. baking soda
 ½ tsp. salt
 Pecan halves

cious, "dress-up" muffins with a texture fine as cake—thanks to Nabisco's "finer-milling" method. For only a finer-milled bran will make your baking so light—only a finer-flavored bran will make muffins taste so good... and Nabisco 100% Bran is both!

BREAKFAST AT ITS BRAN-BEST! Nabisco 100% Bran and milk—more delicious! Doubly-good in constipation cases due to lack of diet-bulk, for Nabisco's finer-milling makes it milder-acting! (See if condition continues.)

Buy where you see the Nabisco 100% Bran displays!

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



"I'd be boiling about this if I weren't smoking Kools!"

Throat feel hot and dehydrated? Light a Kool—it's mentholated! P. S. Help yourself in a stew? Get that clean, Kool taste in your mouth!

NEW DIRECT MAIL PLAN SAVES YOU BIG MONEY!

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- Cover fits snugly over front and rear seats
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Now you can enjoy the luxury of instant hot water... anytime, anywhere! Just plug this compact electric water heater in a socket and in a moment or two you'll have all the hot water you want. So completely portable that you can take it anywhere!

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NEW HEADACHE TABLETS WIN THOUSANDS TO "BC"

Same famous formula as powders—same fast relief

It's wonderful how "BC" tablets have caught on! Same fast-acting, effective ingredients as "BC" powders. Same formula. Soothes headache, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. Two tablets equal one powder. Caution: Use only as directed. On sale everywhere!

BC in Tablets (10¢ and 25¢)

BC in Powders (10¢ and 25¢)

Campho-Phenique Helps SOOTHE AND HEAL MINOR BURNS

RELIEVE PAIN! COMBAT INFECTION!

That's the 2-way help you get from Campho-Phenique, the liquid antiseptic that relieves pain too!

APPLY CAMPHO-PHENIQUE QUICK.

to minor cuts, burns, cold sores, fever blisters, scratches, non-poisonous insect bites. Relieves pain and aids Nature to heal by combating infection.

USED BY MANY DOCTORS, dentists and nurses. Ask for "Cam-Phen-ick" at any drug store. Soothing and stainless. Popular more than 50 years.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE THE PAIN-RELIEVING ANTISEPTIC

Teen-Age Tempest

Stop Blaming Parents

By NOCHEM S. WINNET.

Judge of the Municipal Court of Philadelphia

JUVENILE delinquency is largely due to parental delinquency. Saying it is, helps no one. It may harm both the children and parents.

Bobby, 14, along with two older boys, both with juvenile court records, broke into a house. They destroyed more property than they took with them. I asked him why. "It's my parents' fault," he said. "I don't get an allowance." A few ques-

quency. She was not conscious of having treated this one any differently than the other nine.

I know too many parents who have given their all and tried their best and have had something go wrong. Some are confused; and some may even be ignorant. But all parents, with very few exceptions, rear their children to the best of their ability. It is too cruel to



One Mother of a 16-Year-Old Boy Tried to Take the Blame Herself When He Was Accused of Stealing an Automobile.

tions and answers convinced me that he had seen somewhere an article that juvenile delinquency is all the parents' fault.

This is the first time I had seen the effect of this canard on a child. Of course, I do not believe many children are affected by seeing it. Some parents are. The mother of a boy, age 16, who had stolen an automobile, said it was her fault because she was separated from her husband, worked during the day and was unable to be with her boy. As if she could be constantly with her son and divert his destructive acts with other boys!

The parent-child relationship is a delicate one and is not going to be helped either by the sense of guilt of parents whose child has been in difficulty, or by the knowledge of the child that he can shift his irresponsibility to them.

Some parents are at fault. But I know too many of them with two or three children and only one a delinquent. Recently a mother of 10 children stood beside her boy, 12, the only one ever charged with delin-

characterize the delinquency of their children as their fault.

The blame is not that of parents but of society in not educating them for marriage and for raising children; in not making them aware that every community has resources to which they can turn without shame, or a feeling of guilt, for advice on the problems of children.

Child guidance clinics, family societies, ministers, school counselors and physicians are available for guidance. Society has the responsibility for cleaning up slum areas in large cities which breed ill health as well as delinquency. Society must provide constructive outlets and play areas for the youthful energies of children.

Blaming parents will get us nowhere. They cannot be remade overnight. Every neighborhood and community can marshal its constructive forces—the church, the school, private and social agencies—to build a healthy environment in which children may grow up to be healthy, well adjusted, and good citizens.

Boy in a Dilemma

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Edward Terry of Washington, D. C., would like to know what should be done about his date with Jane. He asked her to a dance and she accepted. Jane had been going out with another boy quite regularly for the last few months, but they'd had a spat the morning before Edward asked her out.

"The following evening," Ed writes, "the other boy called me. He was very peeved and said either Jane would have to break the date with me and go with him or he would have no more to do with her. The spat, he said, amounted to

little or nothing at all. "Jane felt that the only fair thing to do was to refuse to go out with either of us. But I think she should have gone with me because at that late date I couldn't get another girl to go to the dance with me. And anyway, what other girl would want to play second fiddle under these circumstances?"

Can some of you teenagers who have faced this not uncommon complication tell Ed how his problem could have been worked out? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor.

—Ursula Trow

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autographed!

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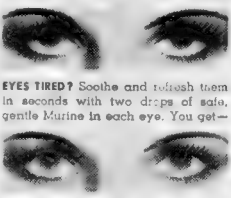
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SCOTT'S EMULSION HELPS 'EM GROW STRONG

Weakly children who need more natural A&D Vitamins begin to grow and develop when you give them good-tasting Scott's Emulsion every day. It helps promote strong bones, sound teeth, a healthy body—helps 'em fight off colds! Scott's is a HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC—a "gold mine" of natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil.

TASTE IT! Economical! Buy today at your drug store.

MORE than just a tonic—it's powerful nourishment!

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GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE



Oysters and Lobsters gave the Trail its Start

When Henry Wells started what was to become Wells, Fargo & Co., few people could see any need for express service. He finally sold his idea by delivering fresh oysters and lobsters far inland where such delicacies never before had been seen. His express company went beyond Buffalo to St. Louis and Chicago and then fanned out through the hazardous West to the Coast.

Today, railway and air express deliver whatever you want anywhere and fast. Tables all over America are enriched by delicacies from everywhere which combined with Budweiser make that notable difference between eating and really dining. Every sip tells you why Budweiser has become something more than beer... a tradition in hospitality.



*It lives with good taste
everywhere*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

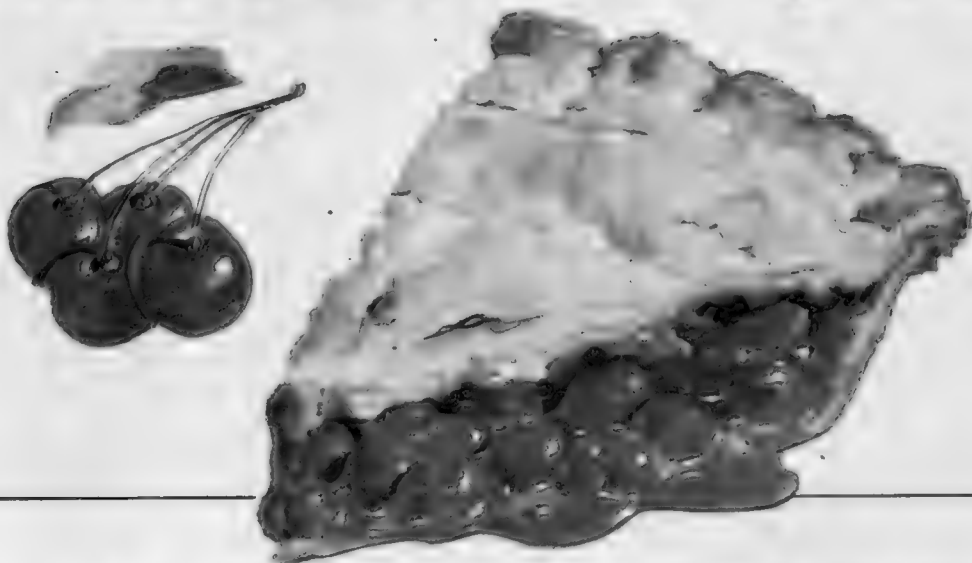
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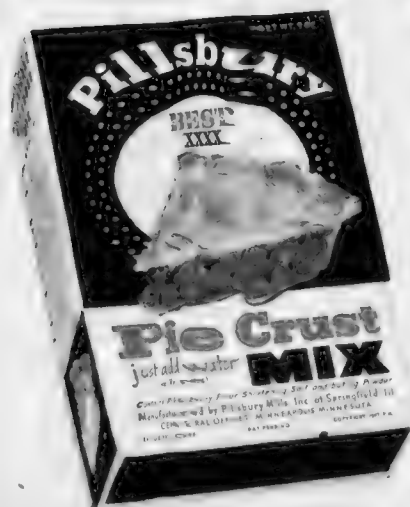
It's more than a cherry pie to him...

It's YOUR Cherry Pie!



You can make it.. better.. with the new

Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix



We say a pie like this will make most any husband *glad* to dry the dishes. Try it on your man and see. With the new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix you just add water, mix, roll out and fill. Could anything be quicker—easier? Just try this marvelous new Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix. Ann Pillsbury's special cherry pie recipe on every package.

Tender, "short" crust—the flaky kind
 Rich flavor of fine shortening
 Cuts at touch of a fork
 Mixes quickly. Rolls out easily
 Doesn't stick to hands or rolling pin
 Doesn't break apart when lifted into pan
 Fast—fix in less time than it takes
 oven to heat
 All you do is add cold water out
 of the tap, mix, roll out



NATIONAL
 CHERRY WEEK
 February 15 to 22

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You and Ann Pillsbury can make a great team

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new pie crust mix in her kitchen to save you time in your kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.

Breeze through bathtub cleaning



**THIS SAFE,
EASY WAY!**

Say "good-bye" to dulling scratches that hold onto dirt and make cleaning harder! Fine, white Bon Ami lifts dirt and grime without harmful grit. No hard scrubbing. No red, rough hands. And Bon Ami polishes as it cleans. Try it today. See how much Bon Ami helps with bathroom cleaning—because it's fast—because it's safe!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"



Swift's Cleanser contest winners Announced

The big \$41,000 Swift's Cleanser Contest (September 21 - October 23) enabled hundreds of thousands of American housewives to discover the marvels of America's Finest Cleanser.

1151 prizes in all have been awarded

FIRST PRIZE WINNER General Electric Kitchen or \$5,000 Cash

Mrs. Raymond Terhaar

Box 635, Mount Angel, Oregon

The remaining winners have been notified and the complete list of winners will be sent to anyone on request. Write to Advertising Department, Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago 5, Illinois.

Congratulations to all of you

SWIFT & COMPANY

Makers of America's Finest Cleanser



Sensational New Book of Designs No. 1700

Doilies, Tablecloths, and more with 100 designs for you to make. Doilies, Tablecloths, and more with 100 designs for you to make. Doilies, Tablecloths, and more with 100 designs for you to make.

YOURS WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR 25c POSTPAID

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Guaranteed to give you a book for which you would pay your money elsewhere. A book of Original Crocheted Designs.

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The Epicure

SOUTH OF THE BORDER SALAD

By NINA FOCH

But a "good neighbor" can be attained no more pleasant than by cultivating the fine foods of our Mexican friends to the south who excel in salads and salad dressings, many of which have proved extremely popular with my own intimate circle. Indeed any week-end party or day-away-from-the-studio can be turned into a gala gourmet event by the mere tossing together of a few easily obtained ingredients.

Film people, particularly, are partial to salads since they must carefully watch their weight yet keep their vitality at an all-time high for that sparkle in the eye and healthy glow of the cheek necessary for the all-seeing technicolor cameras.

My number one gustatory delight is a South-of-the-Border Salad.

Mexican Salad

- 2 tomatoes
- 2 raw onions
- 2 avocados
- 2 tsps. onion juice
- Juice of one lemon
- Pinch of dry mustard
- Worcestershire sauce
- Salt to taste

8 or 10 drops of juice of green peppers

Take meat from avocados and mash up. Add onion and lemon juices, the dry mustard and a pinch of salt. Then add a dish of Worcestershire sauce and the vinegared juice from the bottle of green peppers. To this add the tomatoes and raw diced onions.

A variation before adding the tomatoes and onions is to spread thick paste on hot, crisp potato chips to be served as canapés.

Roquefort Dressing

- 1 clove of garlic
- 1 tsp. salt



Nina Foch, Talented Star of Broadway and Hollywood, Is Also a Sculptor, Concert Pianist and Student of Psychology.

- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. marjoram
- Pinch dry mustard
- 2 heaping tsps. blue or roquefort cheese
- 1 egg

Juice of one lemon
Dice garlic as fine as possible; add salt, pepper, marjoram, dry mustard and the cheese, which has been crumbled. Mix the yolk and white of the egg together and stir this in with the juice of one lemon and beat together. Serve on tossed greens.

If you prefer a fine variation of the French dressing simply omit the cheese.

WHAT

Can I

**Make that's
Different?**

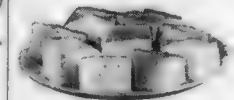


DISCOVER THIS TREAT THAT'S ALWAYS WELCOME!

Sniff the special, warm fragrance of this wonderful old-timer and—you're hungry! It makes even a simple meal remembered. Yet, it's nothing fancy (thank goodness!).

But you've ordered it many times, when eating out. That's how much everyone loves it, men especially! It's hot and crisp... very thrifty... and tastes even better re-heated (or toasted) next day.

Know what it is? That old favorite—crusty CORN BREAD! Make lots of it—often.



Easiest, Fastest Hot Bread

The famous Quaker Corn Bread recipe is right on the Quaker Corn Meal package. But remember, for the best results, you need the best corn meal. Quaker Corn Meal is "spoil-proof"... milled from choice corn, washed again and again... always pure, fresh, evenly granulated. In Stay-Fresh packages.

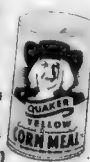
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Gertrude Lawrence's NOSE!

By Sally Young

THE woman of today has "grown up" to beauty. Gone are the days when ladies disrobed under their nightgowns, even when alone, and we are now frank enough to take stock of ourselves at the beginning and end of each day. Honest appraisal and a little experimentation have shown us that the flesh can be controlled simply.

SO SPOKE British-born Gertrude Lawrence, glit-

—it became torture to sit for any newspaper or magazine artists."

FOR these gentlemen invariably said "Give me that profile, Miss Lawrence," and their first strokes depicted what Miss Lawrence began to acknowledge was her great blemish. For years she tried to find the time, money, and courage to creep away and have an operation; but, since her marriage, her husband has



tering star of light comedy, who has danced, sung and acted her way through more hits than we have room to recount here, at a recent interview with your beauty editor. Lately Miss Lawrence has added writing to her many talents. Result: her autobiography "A Star Danced."

"Strangely enough," she told us, "my unhappy blot did not worry me at all. In fact I was deliciously unconscious of it until I came to America. What success I had achieved in England until 1925 had been treated with gentle praise and genuine although conservative encouragement in the press, and all drawings had depicted me as the pert and piquant type, with a slightly retreousse nose. Naturally my pride in being noticed at all made me delight in these drawings, and I felt no forebodings of the shape of things to come.

"With the immediate success of Andre Charlot's Révue, however, I found myself, along with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Buchanan, the target for a more candid type of caricaturist; and overnight, what had been merely retreousse became a definite deformity! Suddenly I was forced to realize that I was nothing more than a female Cyrano de Bergerac! Success had a bitter and evil odor. My humiliation knew no bounds

made it clear that he would not like such action.

Of course, her threats now are only made in fun for, as she says, women have grown up to beauty, and for herself she has learned to do her hair to conform with her features. The hair style in the picture is a good example. No contortions, just simple, well-groomed lines.

"I have learned to choose hats (if any) which do not make me look like an ocean liner coming into port," she says, "and any woman has sense enough not to slap a lot of light colored powder on any nose."

Miss Lawrence likes hats with a brim. She feels they give balance to her profile. **WELL-TRIMMED** eyebrows, widely spaced, help give her face better balance, Miss Lawrence feels. Emphasizing the mouth and eyes with make-up helps, too, she says. She powders her nose lightly and with a powder two or three shades darker than on the rest of her face. "But oh! dear," she exclaims, "success certainly did its best to make me a good subject for a psychoanalyst, although I'm cured and it didn't cost a penny."

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Sent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- | | |
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| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Hair Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Bashful Superfinesse Hair |
| ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage | |
| ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You | |



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Hunt's Tomato Sauce is so thick and rich! Why, it takes more than four plump, fresh tomatoes to make one can. Yet it costs you only a few cents!

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And Hunt's is grand to perk up leftovers!

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The wonderful cooking sauce from California

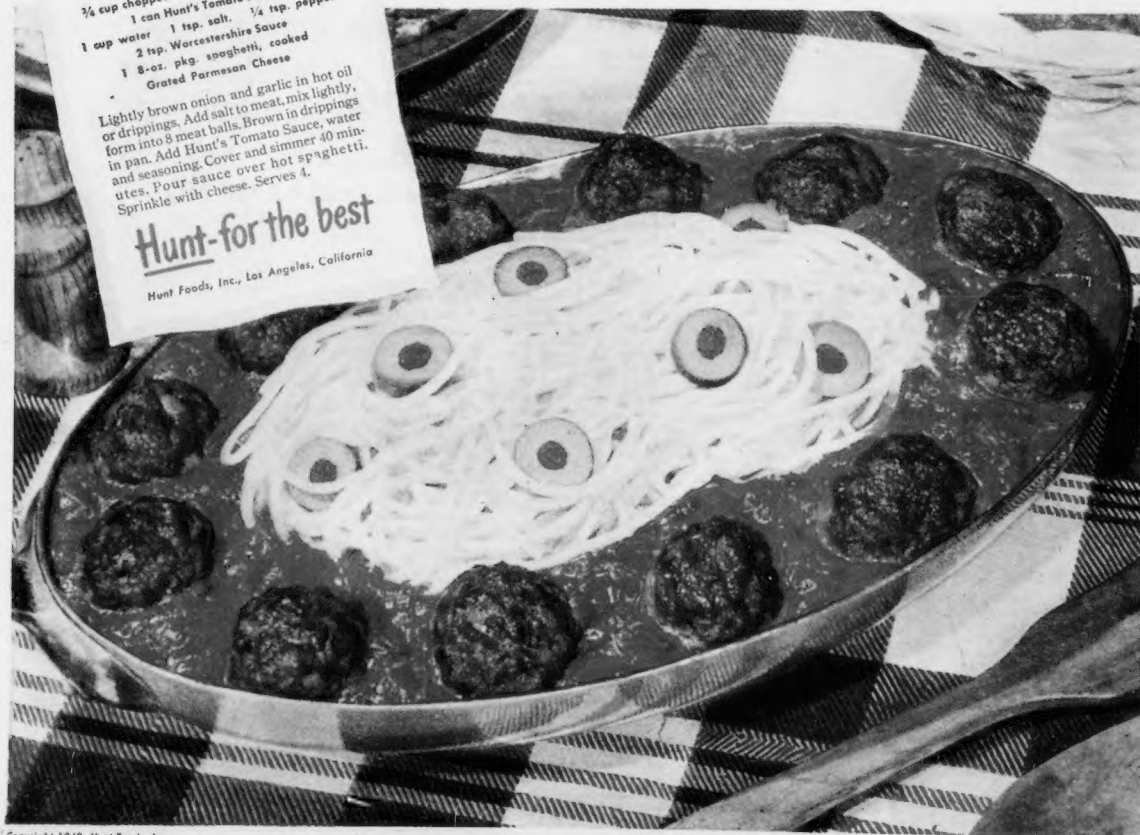
Spaghetti and Meat Balls

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 4 tbsp. of fat |
| 3/4 cup chopped onion | 1 lb. ground beef |
| 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce | |
| 1 cup water | 1 tsp. salt |
| 2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce | 1/4 tsp. pepper |
| 1 8-oz. pkg. spaghetti, cooked | |
| Grated Parmesan Cheese | |

Lightly brown onion and garlic in hot oil or drippings. Add salt to meat, mix lightly, form into 8 meat balls. Brown in drippings in pan. Add Hunt's Tomato Sauce, water and seasoning. Cover and simmer 40 minutes. Pour sauce over hot spaghetti. Sprinkle with cheese. Serves 4.

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Refrigerator Care



By Doris Denison

WHETHER it's new, or whether it's old, your refrigerator will give you much better service if you know how to care for it properly.

General Instructions
DON'T overcrowd your refrigerator or free circulation of air will be impossible. Leave a small amount of space between containers to allow for this.

Proper temperature for general food storage runs from 36° F. to 42° F. Most perishable foods will last at least 72 hours at these temperatures.

To get the most of your space, adjust shelves to the proper height for the type of food your family uses.

Store dairy products and creamed dishes in a cold section of the refrigerator (to one side of the freezing compartment).

Allow food to cool thoroughly before placing in refrigerator.

Never let the freezing compartment accumulate frost thicker than 1/2 of an inch.

Keep the interior and exterior of the refrigerator spotless. Wipe up spilled foods immediately.

Cleaning
WASH freezing trays and shelf racks in warm soapy water, rinse, and dry. Fill trays with fresh water and put back in freezing compartment.

Remove all food from the refrigerator and go over it carefully, sorting out what is no longer needed, and using up bits of leftovers.

If a certain container of food has been partially used, place the remaining portion in a smaller jar to make more room for other things.

Wash and rinse the freezing trays, fill with fresh water, and return to freezing compartment.

Take out all the shelves,

wash in warm soapy water, rinse, and dry. Do the same thing for removable covers from meat or crisper compartments.

Wash the interior of the box with a lukewarm cleaning solution—1 tablespoon of borax or baking soda to each pint of water. Rinse and dry.

Clean the exterior of the refrigerator with warm soapy water. Rinse with a clean, damp cloth and rub dry.

Metal trim can be cleaned with silver polish if desired. A protective wax coating on the exterior of the refrigerator preserves the finish and makes finger marks easy to wipe off.

Twice a year dirt and lint can be removed from around the motor with a vacuum cleaner attachment or stiff brush. Be sure the refrigerator is turned off when you do this.

Defrosting
The ordinary way to defrost the refrigerator is to turn the control to "defrost" and leave it there 4 or 5 hours until all the frost has melted. If the door is left closed, enough refrigeration is maintained to keep the food cold. When the frost has all melted, remove the food and clean the refrigerator.

For speedy defrosting, turn the control to "off," and fill the freezing trays with hot water. When the water cools, replace with more hot water. This is a good method to use if you have frozen foods on hand. Place them on the lowest shelf until defrosting is through, and then return them immediately to the frozen storage compartment.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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| ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care | ☐ (27) Make Your Own Bags |
| ☐ (22) Easy Laundering | ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers |
| ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery | ☐ (29) Dining Room Linens |
| ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rag | ☐ (30) Sew Right |
| ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate | ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades |
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— says Walter Thornton

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